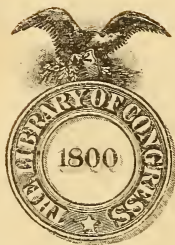


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HAMILTON COLLEGE

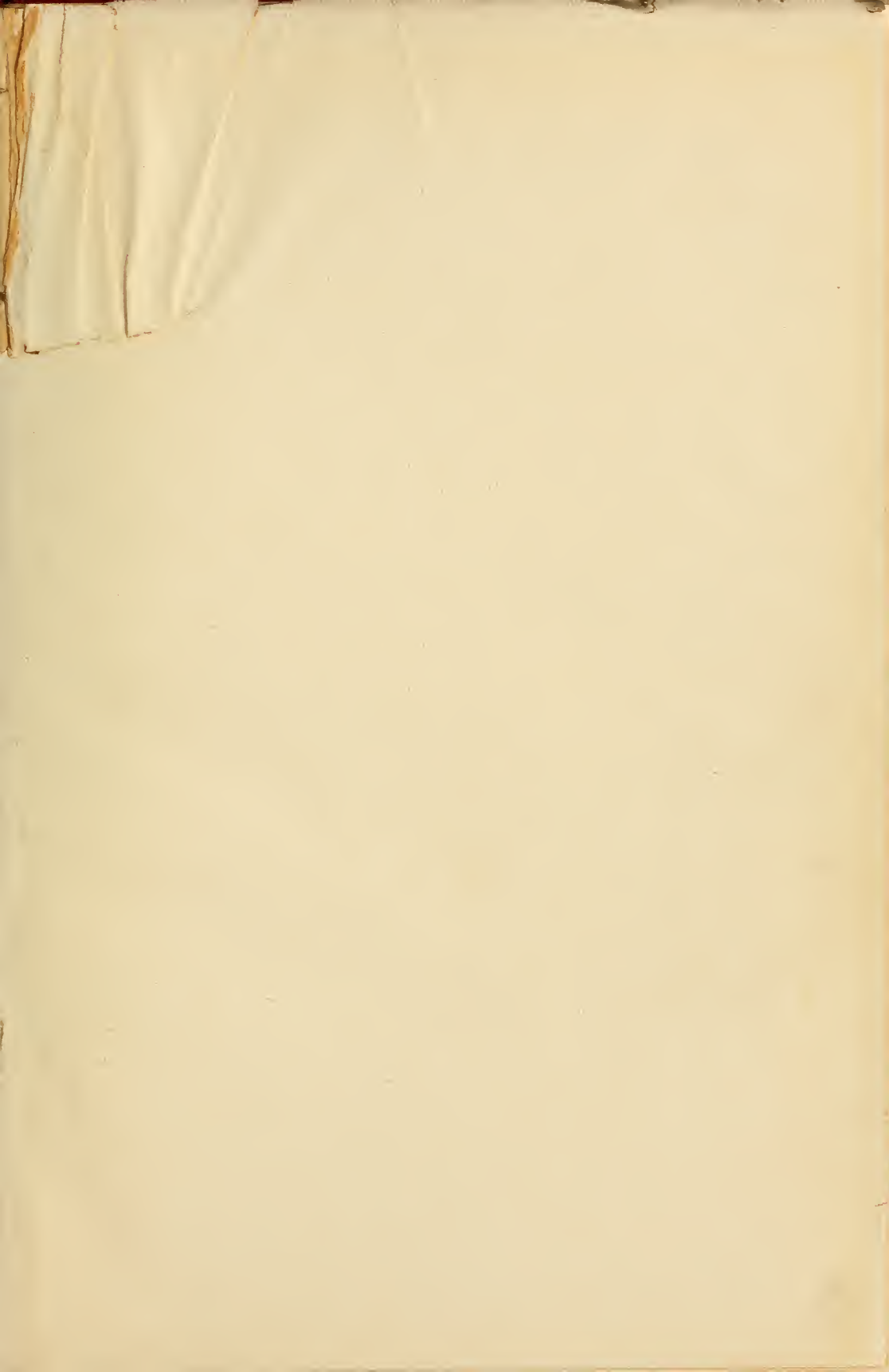
1889

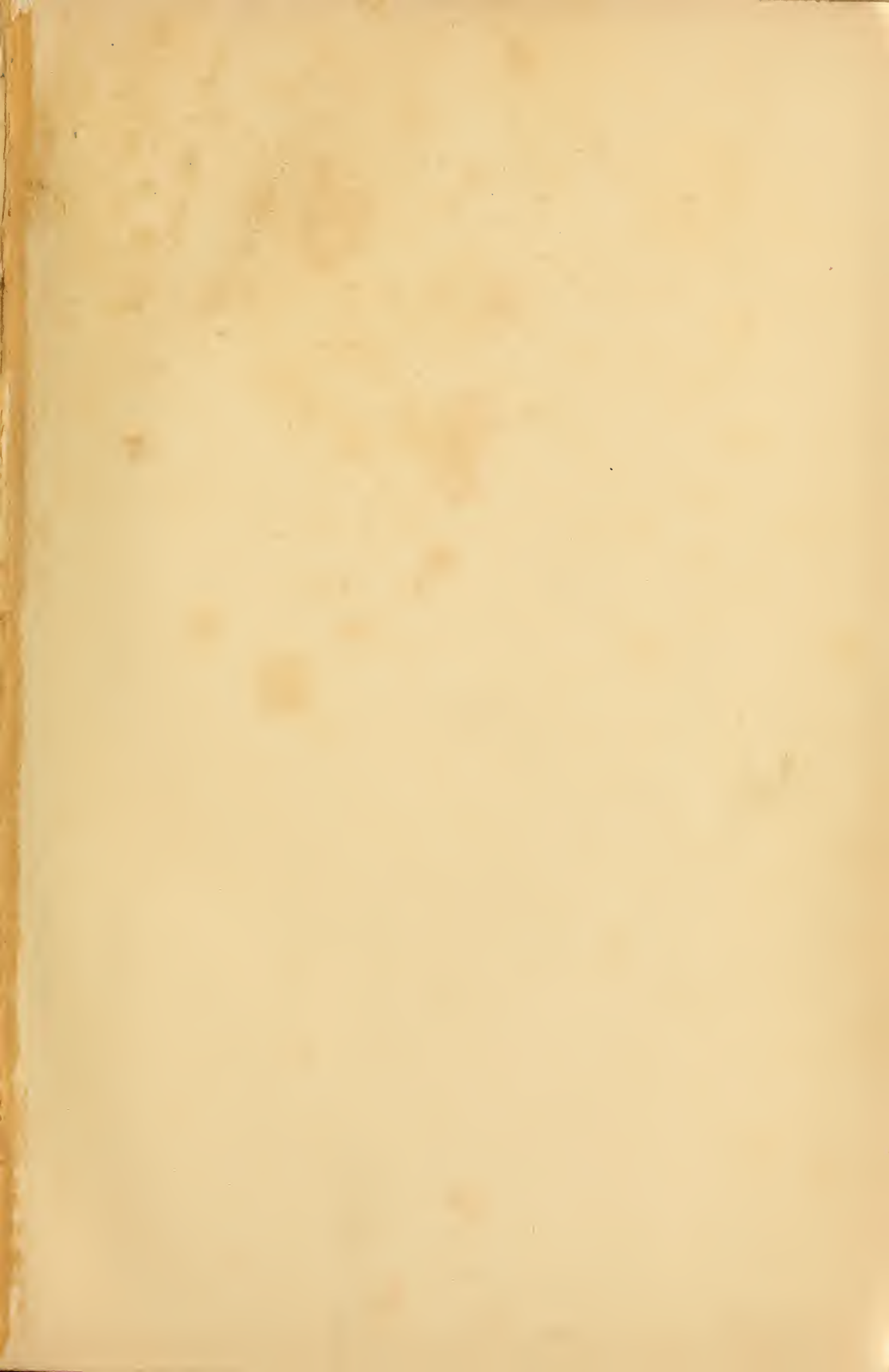


Class L I 2101

Book H 21 k

1889d







Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. Class of 1889

DECENNIAL RECORD

OF THE

CLASS OF 1889

HAMILTON COLLEGE



LD 2101
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1889d

PRESS OF THE
BINGHAMTON REPUBLICAN
1901

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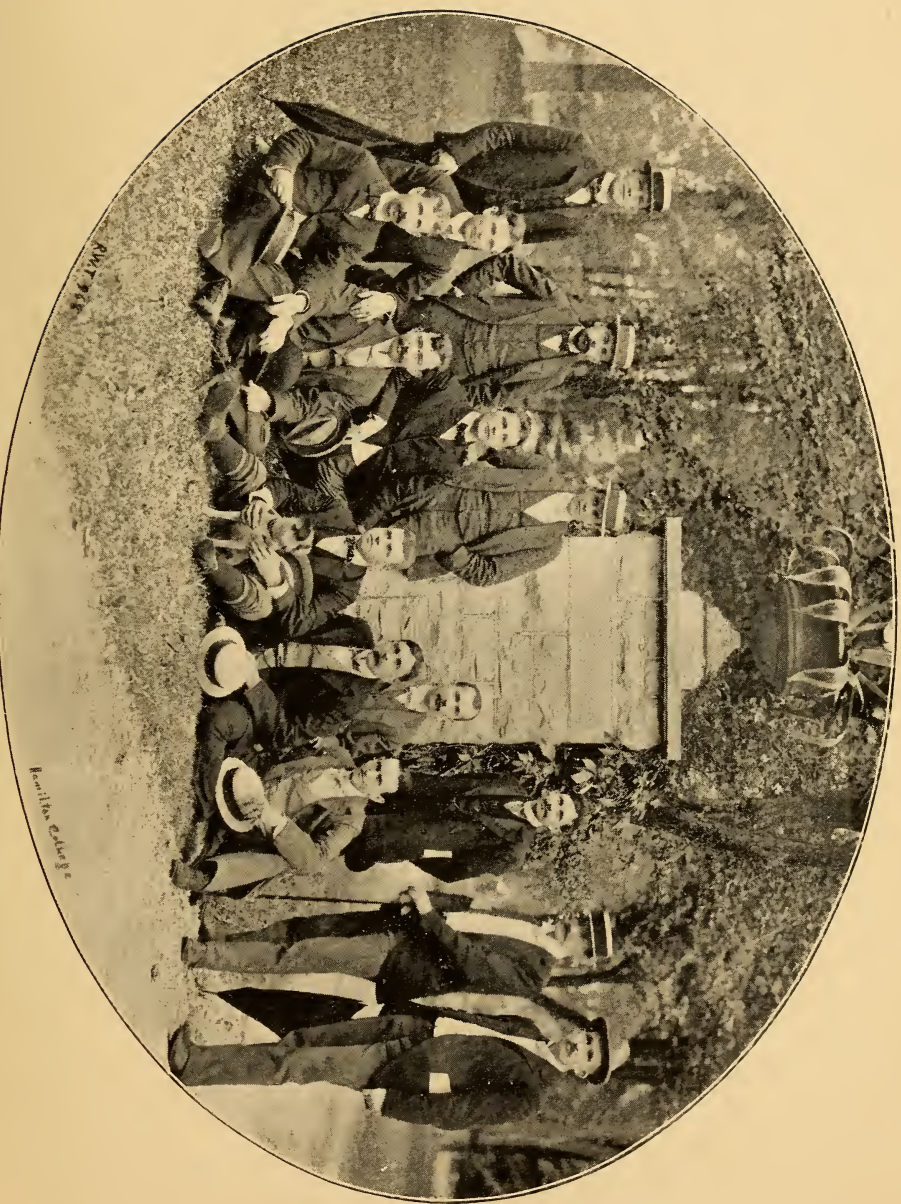


Entrance to Campus, Showing '89's Class Gateway

PREFACE

This little book is dedicated by the Class of 1889 to OLD HAMILTON. It has attempted to recall to your minds a few of the incidents of our college life and to bind together more closely the members of '89, now ten years graduated and scattered over this broad land. When you have read it carefully put it among your sacred relics for your sons and grandsons to read. The hope of the committee is that the book will please you and that Volume II in 1909 will find us all on earth and ready to attend the reunion.

BRANDT,
CARLTON,
HOCKRIDGE,
PERKINS,
SMITH,
WHITNEY,
Committee.



Tenth Reunion of the Class of 1889. Commencement of 1899

Special Contribution to the Class of 1889.
(Author Unknown.)

- A was our athletic Ayres,
Who for freshmen laid numerous snares.
The trick wouldn't stop,
So he's now a fine cop,
And he jumps on the crooks unawares.
- B was belligerent Badgley,
Who rushed for the class cup right madly;
As the father of twins,
He easily wins,
And now returns to us gladly.
- C was conniving Bill Collier—
If you crossed him, O, how he would holler!
With a head full of schemes,
Which never were dreams;
The rest of the class used to "foller."
- D was our own Deacon Dave—
So big, so sturdy, so brave;
He never did flunk,
And he looked like a monk,
For they say that his head he did shave.
- E was our old Parson Evans,
Who preached on the bliss of the Heavens—
He was staid and demure,
And his "bloods" were so sure
That his ten spots were easily elevens.
- F was a fighter named Greis,
Who could have licked Gil in a trice—
But in the first round
These pugilists found
Each one of them held in a vise.
- G was our garrulous Gil,
Who works the political mill.
He's a Democrat yet,
And this heeler, you bet,
Gets his boodle on Capitol Hill.
- H stands for hardy young Hyatt,
Whose money, they say, is all fiat—
He's a limb of the law;
If you get in his claw,
You'll settle, or there'll be a riot.
- I was for Isaac O. Best,
Who thought '89 a great pest—
For his body we took
To Oriskany brook—
But the faculty found out the rest.
- J—A quack Dr. Johnson, named Dick,
Makes the people of Hudson all sick—
They cry and they yell,
And never get well—
But he's making his money durned quick.

K is our Knowlson named Wally,
A professor of logic and folly;
He thinks he can teach,
But his nerve is a "peach,"
And they say he is "way off his trolley."

L was our lengthy old Leavy,
With a tread so majestic and heavy—
He was great in a scrap,
But this foxy old chap
Teaches girls, so they say, by the bevy.

M was our masher, George Miller,
A regular swell lady killer,
But Cupid's sharp dart
Finally pierced his hard heart—
In his church she is now a strong pillar.

N was our nutty old Nibbs,
With large chunks of fat on his ribs.
On the nine he did catch,
Though his legs didn't match;
In the class room he never used cribs.

O was our oracle—Steve,
With always a crib up his sleeve.
At working a mob
Or a Tammany job
He's a dandy, you'd better believe.

P was our pussy Pardee—
A genuine old boodler is he.
Corporations are pie,
And he works them, Oh, My!
How he grins as he pockets his fee.

Q was a querrulous quack—
Doctor Bailey, who followed the track
Of the sun cross the plains,
But 'tis said that his gains
Surpass those in the Sophomore crack.

R was our small Jimmie Rogers,
The king of all wrestlers and dodgers;
He *would* tackle a Soph—
But he can't, for a prof.
Belongs to the class of old codgers.

S was our smiling Dick Steele,
Who could get up and give us a "spiel,"
But he's getting so fat
He don't know "where he's at,"
And they say that he eats a great deal.

T is a doctor named Tracy,
Very sleek, well groomed and racy,
Who wins all his cash
Not by pill or by slash—
On the stock exchange he is a daisy.

- U is old Uri Carruth,
He's a lawyer and can't tell the truth.
If he could, you'd soon know
What a bluff he can throw—
He's a solemn and singular youth.
- V was our vagabond, Bice,
Who came into class only twice;
He made a great bluff,
And "bohned" just enough
To get through by this foxy device.
- W was Warfield, the wild,
Who in whist playing hours beguiled—
In math. he was great,
Though the size of his pate
Was no larger than that of a child.
- X was a written excuse,
Which was always of singular use
After a night spent in Ute,
Or a Tim Finnigan toot,
Or a large overdose of bug juice.
- Y was a yeoman named Dockstater—
A famous old farmer and stock trader;
He's a son of the soil,
Horny-handed with toil,
A hoer, pit digger and spader.
- Z was a Zero, of course—
'Tis avoided by using a horse
Under Chippie, you know
'Twas not wrong to do so;
So the "bloods" all came from one source.





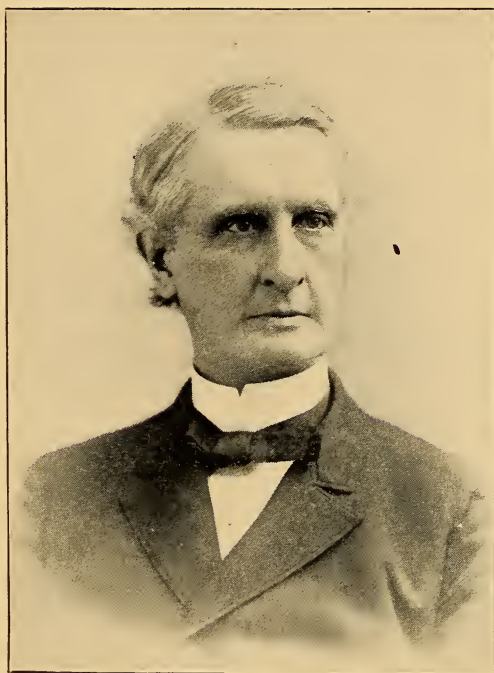
The New Truax Hall of Philosophy

CLASS ROLL

PRESENT MAILING LIST OF THE CLASS OF 1889.

OCTOBER, 1901.

Lincoln C. Ackler.....	Ilion, N. Y.
Eugene M. Armstrong.....	Committee could not locate.
John H. Ayres.....	358 Seventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Jay T. Badgley.....	Dunkirk, N. Y.
A. L. Bailey, M. D.....	Suisin, Cal.
Prof. Hiram H. Bice.....	60 West Thirteenth St., New York City.
Schuyler C. Brandt.....	201 Front St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Colonel Ellsworth Button.....	132 Dove St., Albany, N. Y.
Rev. Frank B. Carlton.....	156 Boid Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Clarence Uri Carruth.....	838 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rev. Charles W. E. Chapin.....	Clinton, N. Y.
Rev. David H. Chrestensen.....	DeFreetsville, N. Y.
William Miller Collier.....	Auburn, N. Y.
Elmer E. Dockstader.....	Pattersonville, N. Y.
Rev. Albert Evans.....	396 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Frank B. Gilbert.....	51 State St., Albany, N. Y.
William H. Greis, M. D.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
Erwin L. Hockridge.....	Mann Building, Utica, N. Y.
Edward W. Hyatt.....	Homer, N. Y.
Henry W. Johnson, M. D.....	Hudson, N. Y.
Prof. Walter Sherman Knowlson.....	Saratoga, N. Y.
Rev. Dean R. Leland.....	3854 Cleveland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Prof. W. S. Leavenworth.....	Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.
Rev. Milo B. Loughlen.....	Dillon, Mont.
O. W. Loughlin.....	The Committee could not locate.
Robert McCullough.....	The Committee has been unable to locate.
William Jackson McGuire.....	Deceased.
Curtis B. Miller.....	115 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.
Rev. George D. Miller.....	Warsaw, N. Y.
Prof. William W. Miller.....	Friendship, N. Y.
Prof. Edgar Coit Morris.....	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
John Herbert Pardee.....	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Frederick Perkins.....	Binghamton, N. Y.
Prof. James D. Rogers.....	Columbia University, New York City.
Rev. David G. Smith.....	4154 Leidy Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Joseph Lee Spurlarke.....	Deceased.
Prof. William S. Steele.....	Springville, N. Y.
Supt. Edward Lawrence Stevens.....	Flushing, N. Y.
Samuel G. Tracy, M. D.....	240 W. 102d St., New York City.
Prof. Charles H. Warfield.....	Little Falls, N. Y.
Rev. Stephen Dwight Waterbury.....	Knowlesville, N. Y.
Leroy B. Williams.....	Syracuse, N. Y.
Prof. Eddy R. Whitney.....	20 North St., Binghamton, N. Y.



HENRY DARLING.

President of the College during our course; we learned to know and love him for his many good qualities. His generosity was too well known to us all to be repeated here. Dr. Darling was a friend of the class of '89 and the class of '89 were his friends, one and all. He will ever live in our memories. The recollection of his presidency during our time will be one of the memories of our college course that will remain long after many of the other familiar things have passed out of our minds forever.



EDWARD NORTH.

When men of '89 reach 1941,
May their bright grandsons grace the groves of Hamilton.
Sincerely yours,

EDWARD NORTH.



CHRISTIAN HENRY FREDERICK PETERS.

This picture will bring back to the class of '89 many pleasant recollections. We all loved "Old Twinkle." We loved his odd ways, his witty sayings, and we all admired his genius. He knew too much to teach us of ordinary minds. The class all will recall the day we wanted to get off for a ball game, and "Twink." wouldn't have it; how he became absorbed at the black board in a mathematical problem that would make Square scratch his head, and became so interested he did not see the fellows slip out. When he finished he looked over the empty seats and said : "If ve don't excuse de class, bye and bye dere von't pe anybody left."

Ours was the last class he had, and we are thankful for having had the pleasure of knowing him as we did.

His was a life of great achievement and "he died in the starlight when the sky was clear; and so passed into the clearness of the unshadowed sky."



OREN ROOT.

It rejoices beyond measure the Professor of Mathematics that the Class of '89 persists in following his instructions. The processes of "Differentiation," and "Summation" go on steadily. When a straight line is unavailable they know what curve to take. When seeking a "limit" they avoid zero; and rather incline to increase without limit. They don't take to "Convergent Series," and in the "division of functions" provide ample remainders. In the world mathematics '89 is all right: the college mathematics! well! they are back numbers, unbound.

OREN ROOT.



ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS.

There is nothing we can say to the Class of '89 that will do justice to the loving memory of Dr. Hopkins. The most fitting words that can be said are those of Dr. Terrett in his beautiful tribute to the Doctor's memory:

"There are dear graves upon that hillside. The young sleep there who left no large place vacant except in a few loving hearts. But there are graves there about which men gather and will gather for long years to be, with reverence and affection too deep for words. Men will come hither from the storm and stress of busy life, bent by the burden bearing, and weary with the warfare of the world, successful men, useful men, men whose names are known to nations who have served well their country and their time, and they will stand about this grave and say: 'There lies the one to whom I owe my soul. He taught me what it was to be a scholar; he taught me what it was to be a Christian; he taught me what it was to be a man.' In how many lives, enriched, ennobled by his influence will he live on.

"Farewell, dear doctor, kind friend, true scholar, devoted teacher, courteous gentleman, stainless Christian, farewell. We will remember and we will follow, until in the cloudless morning of God's presence we see thy face again."



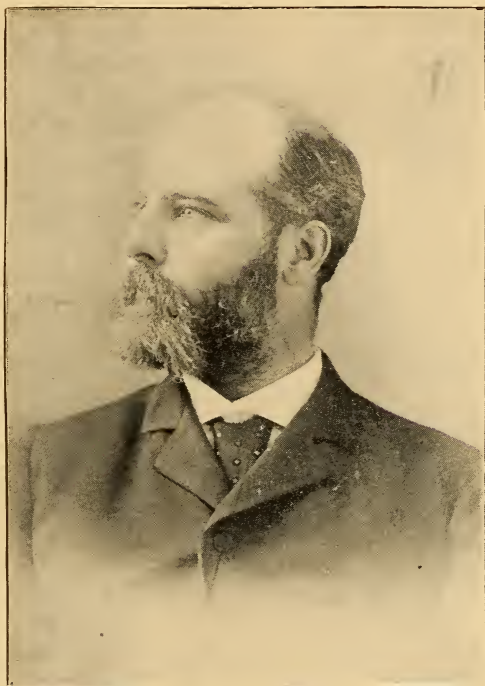
HERMANN CARL GEORGE BRANDT.

“Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast
Drehe Sich jeder um die eigene Last.”
Goethe.

Grau, Neurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.
Goethe's Faust.

I knew that undergraduates always liked “cuts” of the professors, but I thought that graduates got over that foolish notion. If you insist, however, I will send a photograph.

Sincerely yours,
H. C. G. BRANDT.



ALBERT CHESTER.
Now Professor in Rutgers College.

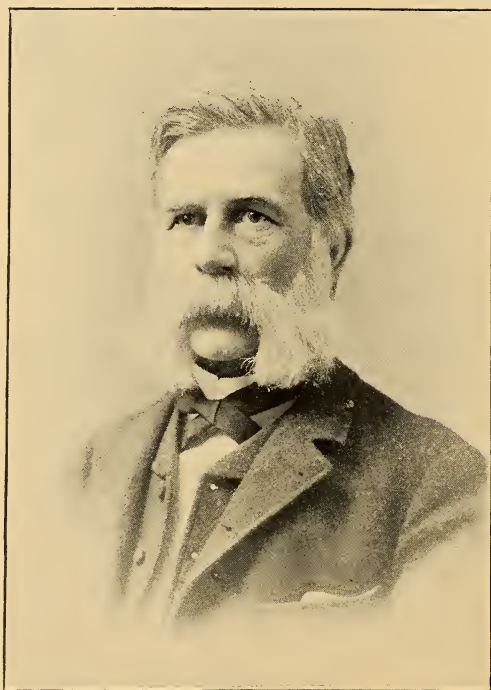
OCTOBER 15, 1901.

My Dear Whitney:

I send the photograph you asked for, with best regards. I think you will say it looks like me. But I am not up to a sentiment. With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

ALBERT H. CHESTER.



AMBROSE PARSONS KELSEY.

Prof. Kelsey is another of the faculty of our time whom the hillside knows no more. To the Class of '89 his memory is dear as that of a good instructor, a kind friend and a genial gentleman.

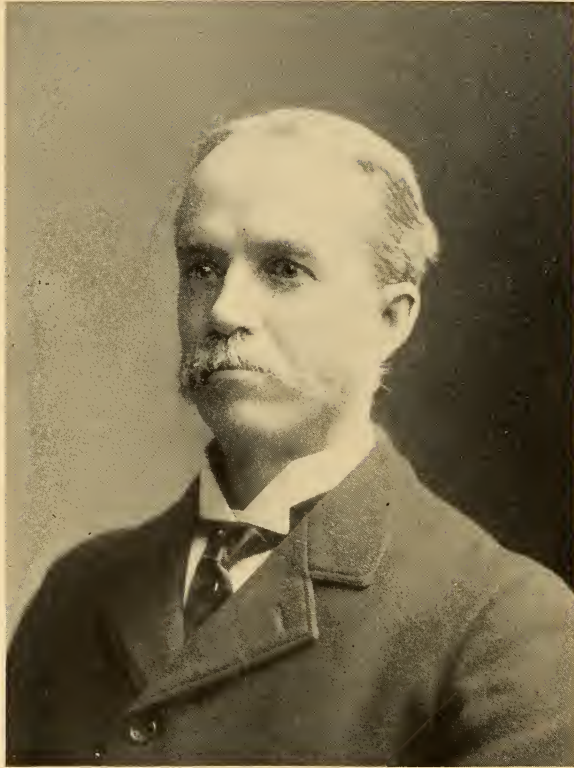


GEORGE P. BRISTOL.

(Now Professor in Cornell University).

Yours in loyal devotion to the old college.

GEORGE P. BRISTOL, '76.



ARTHUR S. HOYT.

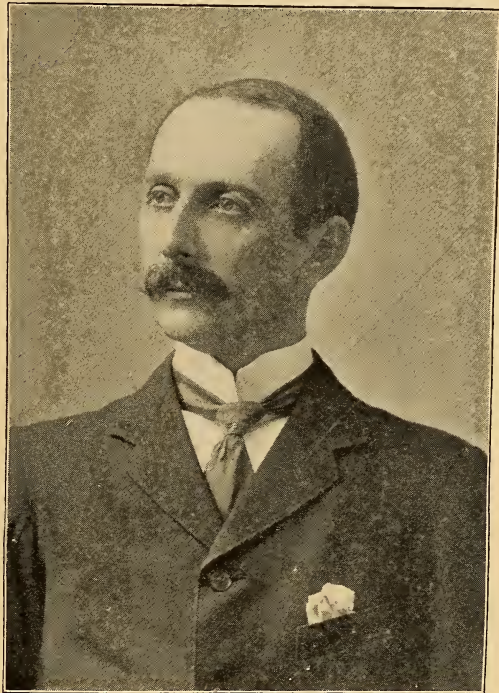
(Now Professor in Auburn Theological Seminary.)

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1901.

"College life: the time of self-knowledge, of lasting friendships, of ideals and purposes that make the highest manhood."

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR S. HOYT.



CLINTON SCHOLLARD.

A sentiment, say you? Spring is the season of sentiment! but—
Let us be satisfied
If only the dreams abide!

Yours heartily,

CLINTON SCHOLLARD.

CLINTON, October 15th, 1901.



PETER KELLY.

CLINTON, Sept. 22, 1901

My Dear Brandt:—Yours to hand in due time. I wish to say I cannot at present remember the doings of your class, as all classes during my service in college have their peculiar follies, as they call it, College Spirit. You must depend on your memory for the doings of your class. I would say that you often told me I did not clean your stove as good as some others. I will send you a cabinet—the best I have got. I know you would rather have one in my working clothes, but I have not any of that kind, and have had none taken in several years. I hope your book will be a success without the follies of class doings. Publish it on the good records of the class; that will be sufficient. I am just recruiting after being off work for two weeks with an abscess. I will expect one copy of the work from you when published.

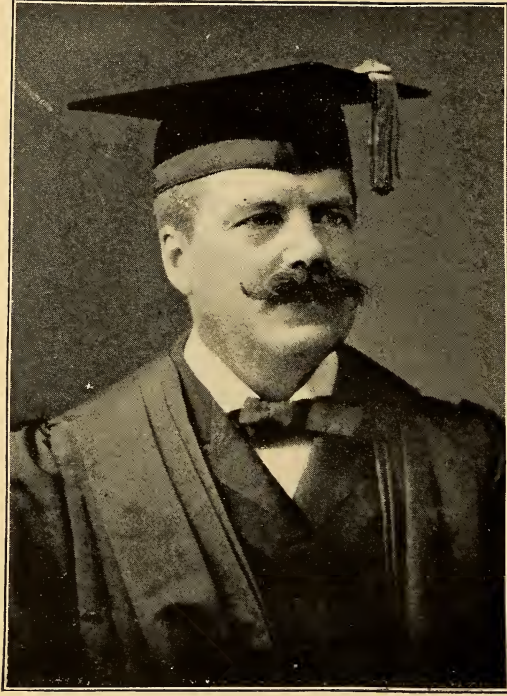
The Freshmen, sixty in all, are through with their nonsense Saturday night. Their painting is as usual the daubing of everything and now they will have to pay the bill.

Good-bye for the present,

PETER KELLY.



The Faculty of the Present Day



M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.
Present President of Hamilton College.

The Class of '89 has my congratulations upon its class-book, and I trust that its pages may be a new cord within the class and between it and our beloved Hamilton.

The college is moving steadily and strongly in the right way. I claim the energetic help of every man of '89 that theirs may be one of the efficiently loyal crowds. Pretty soon your boys will be coming this way, and I shall have them even if I did not have you. Start their thoughts this way now.

Yours and Hamilton's,

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

TO PRESIDENT STRYKER, FROM THE CLASS OF 1889.

Greeting:—We welcome you as the present head of our *Alma Mater* and one and all pledge to you the loyal support of the Class of '89.



LINCOLN CHRISTIAN ACKLER.

Residence—Corner West Main and Shull Sts., Ilion, N. Y.

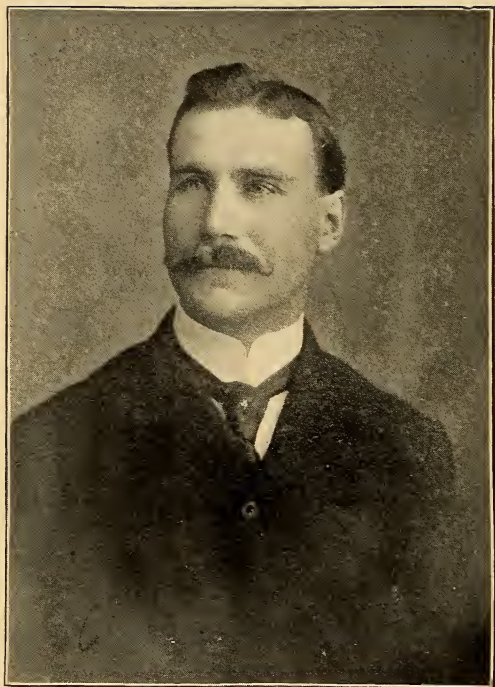
Occupation—Lawyer.

Married—April 4th, 1888, to Mabel E. Shull.

Dear Classmates:—Upon graduating I entered the law offices of Matteson & DeAngelis, of Utica, N. Y. Was admitted to the bar in 1892, and began practice in Ilion. Was Memorial Day orator at Frankfort, N. Y., 1890; at Fairfield Military Academy, 1895; at Ilion, 1898, and at dedication of Memorial windows, North Columbia Church, in 1899. Stumped for McKinley in 1896. I make a specialty of practice in Surrogate's Courts and settlement of estates.

Wife is a new woman and partner in law business. Prefers work in the office to keeping house. She runs the type writer and the rest of the ranch; keeps the books and all the money; is senior partner, head clerk, treasurer, cashier and office boy, and is cultivating a bald spot on her husband's head.

LINCOLN C. ACKLER.



JOHN H. AYRES.

358 7TH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1901.

My Dear Old Classmates:—I owe you an apology for having so long delayed writing the class letter that you asked of me. My only excuse for having delayed writing is, that during the past five years my hand has become more accustomed to wielding a "night stick" than a pen.

To get down to business. After leaving college—the class is more or less familiar with the reason for my doing so. Confidentially, I always held the faculty exhibited poor judgment in dealing with my case. Had I remained in college, I might have developed in a second John L. and my career have shed much luster upon our beloved *Alma Mater*. I spent some time in teaching at Rome. Later I took up the study of law and spent a couple of years with Blackstone and Kent. About this time my father died and I had to abandon my law studies and face

the more serious problems of life, having a mother and adopted sister dependent upon me for support. On August 10, 1892, I married Miss Anna M. Byrne of South Bay, Madison county, N. Y. We have one child, a son, born April 18th, 1896, and I challenge any member of the class to produce his superior in any way, age for age. Up to this time I had lived at Rome, N. Y. In December, '96, I came to New York, and became a member of the much maligned New York police force. President Roosevelt was at this time president of our board of police commissioners. Since becoming a New York "cop" my life has been very uneventful. I have not distinguished myself by any noteworthy act of bravery, nor have I killed anyone. Come to think of it, I believe I did save a dog or cat—I have forgotten now which—from being burned to death or drowned—my memory is again a little treacherous—on one occasion.

The training I received in our class rows on the old college campus has often been found to be very useful to me in some of the strenuous "mix-ups" that are of almost the nightly portion of the policemen in my part of the city. So you see a college training is of use, even to a "cop!" For the past four years I have had a post on the lower East Side, near the water front, that cannot be equaled in the city for the variety of nationalities who frequent it. A fine opportunity for a study of human nature is at all times present. In fact a policeman in any very large city has a better opportunity for the study of human nature in all its phases than one in any other calling in life. I can assure you that the study is not always a pleasant one. Any time any of the boys may be in New York, and care to look me up, a visit by him or them to 300 Mulberry street will determine my location. At present I am attached to the Fifth Precinct, No. 9 Oak street.

I can assure the boys, one and all, that I would be delighted to renew old acquaintanceships, and I might be able to show them a few things in New York that are not seen by the casual everyday visitor to our city. You asked me if I could give you any information about poor old "Mollie" McGuire. If my memory serves me correctly, he came originally from Westernville, a

village a few miles north of Rome, N. Y. He graduated from Rome Academy in 1882, read law for a year and entered Hamilton with the class of '87. He spent a year in college and then dropped out to return with our class in the fall of '85. His death occurred during the summer vacation of '86. I cannot be positive regarding any dates, but think they are correct. Poor old "Mollie!" He was the life of any crowd in which he happened to be. He spent the Easter vacation with me at my father's home at Rome, in '86, and I think I did more laughing during that time than at any similar period in my life. It seemed to be the height of his ambition to make others happy. Will McGuire had many friends and no enemies. Now, Classmates, if this letter is too long drawn out or will take up too much space, cut it down or throw it out entirely.

Hoping to meet every member of the class at a reunion at no very distant day, I remain,

Yours, for the Class of '89,

JOHN H. AYERS.





J. T. BADGLEY.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1901.

My Dear Fellows of '89:—I have never enjoyed putting myself in print, and it has required several letters from Brandt and his confederates to bring me to the point of doing it on this occasion.

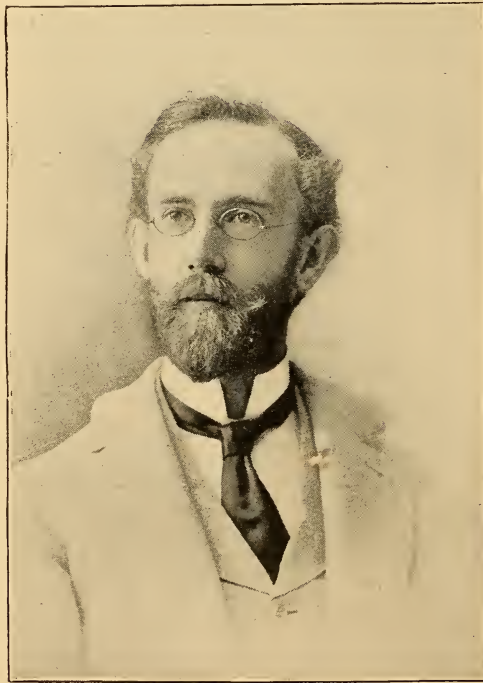
On September 12, following our graduation, I married Nellie May Allen, of Clinton, N. Y. For two years I was principal of the Madison Union school. Entered Auburn Theological Seminary in the fall of '91 and graduated in '94. In October of that year I accepted a call to my present charge, the First Presbyterian church of this city.

We have five children—Ralph Allen and Ruth Adelaide, both eleven years of age (I have no apprehension that it will hurt your feelings if I remind you in this connection that these were the class babies and that you are eleven years and three months in arrears for the class cup); Ethel May, nine years old; Carl Egbert, seven years, and Jay Willard, five years.

In addition to being a clergyman, I am at present a planter. Since January of last year I have made three trips to Porto Rico, and in connection with some associates have purchased two plantations on the outskirts of San Juan, aggregating something over 1,000 acres. We are now setting this out to oranges and pineapples. If any of you fellows would like to invest a little of your surplus in property which will return you annually from one hundred per cent. upward I can put you in the way of some rare opportunities.

Cordially yours,

J. T. BADGLEY.



HIRAM H. BICE.

Residence—417 W. 114th Street, New York City.

Occupation—Teacher.

Married—June 24th, 1890, to Helen Lydia Williams.

Children—Janet Horsburg, born November 23d, 1900.

NEW YORK, May 22d, 1899.

My Dear Brandt—I shall not be able to go to Clinton in June, much as I would like to do so, so I take pleasure in answering your letter of February 25th at this late date.

After graduating from Johns Hopkins University in 1889, I went into the newspaper business on the Utica Daily Observer, becoming their news editor. I held this position for about eight months, and then resigned to go to San Diego, where I continued in the same sort of work. On June 24th, 1890, I was married, and perhaps it would be well for me to say here that my wife has since then been the presiding genius of my home, though she has tried to make me think that I am the cock of the roost. After a stay of one year in California, during part of which time I was an instructor in the Los Angeles College, I returned to the East and was for two years professor of Latin in Blackburn College at Carlinville, Ills., living just on the northern edge of Egypt. From there I removed West again to St. Joseph, Mo., where I was for three years in charge of the department of Latin and Greek in the High School. After this experience I decided to visit the real East, and accepted the position of instructor of Latin and Greek in Dr. Sachs' School for Boys in this city. Two years ago I resigned this place for the headship of the same department in the Boys' High School, which I still hold. We have here about 1,500 boys and look for 600 more next year.

I have bothered the publishers just a little. Three years ago I revised for Scott, Forsman & Co., of Chicago, their *Bellum Helveticum*, and one year ago I had published an elementary work on Latin for students of medicine.

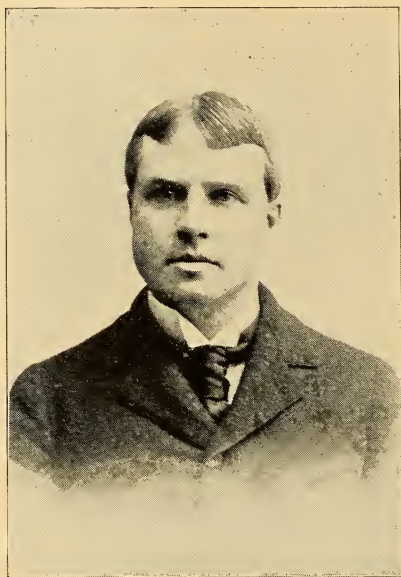
I became a member of the Presbyterian church and am at present a deacon in the Madison Avenue church.

It does not seem as if ten years had gone by since I attended the graduating exercises of that class of which I was once a member at Hamilton College. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with the class at the reunion, but it is impossible. I am thoroughly in favor of the action which it is proposed to take regarding the campus monument.

It would be a great pleasure to receive an account of the exercises at the reunion, if any is to be issued.

Yours in '89,

HIRAM H. BICE.



SCHUYLER COE BRANDT.

Residence—Binghamton, N. Y.

Occupation—Merchant and Manufacturer.

Married—April 30th, 1895, to Salie E. Wilbur, Washington, D. C.

Children—Schuyler Buell, born July 31st, 1898; Aaron Wilbur, born July 20th, 1900.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 28, 1899.

Dear Classmates:—It is with some reluctance that I write this class letter to you. First, because the story of my life has been so commonplace that it cannot possibly be of interest. Secondly, because I am such a “chestnut” on College Hill that it seems absurd to write any letter at all. However as I was in favor of every man’s doing so I must practice what I preach.

The January before I graduated I purchased a half interest in the firm of Stickley Bros., of this city, the firm becoming Stickley & Brandt. Immediately upon going home I took an active interest as the junior partner in the firm and since then I have been a horny handed son of toil, an everyday, commonplace tradesman. In February, 1893, I was elected Republican Alderman of the City of Binghamton to represent the Ninth ward. I immediately began to acquire the far-famed aldermanic fat which you see before you today. I served on the board for two years as an humble member, but on my re-election in 1895 was appointed chairman of the Committee of Finance and Education where I learned much that was useful regarding municipal government. I was offered a re-nomination in 1897, but refused, thus just escaping the fatal landslide of that election. Since then I have been a plain ordinary furniture dealer and manufacturer of that deadly drink, wood alcohol. On April 30th, 1895, I married a black-eyed girl, then living in Washington, D. C., but born and reared in Savannah, Ga. If any of you know the temperament of the typical southern maiden you will spare me the embarrassment of answering the question of your committee, "who rules the roost?"

On July 31st, 1898, Schuyler Buell Brandt woke up the quiet interior of the Brandt mansion by a series of yells, thereby producing sensations in my interior which only you fathers of the class can comprehend.

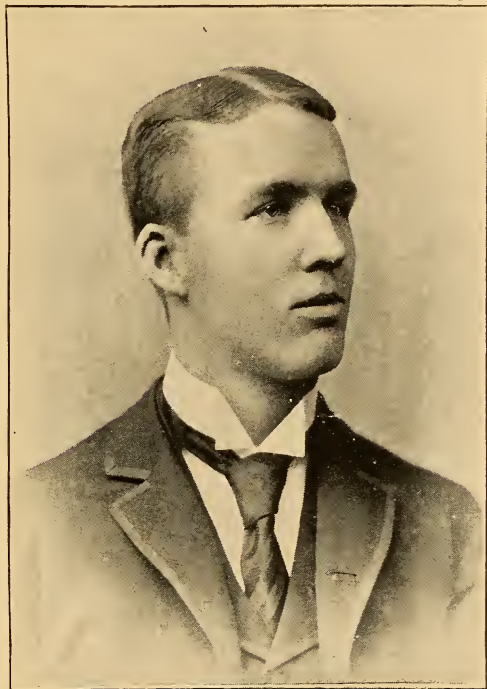
He is now far enough advanced to roll over on his stomach and pull his dad's hair, but even in this unsophisticated stage he shows tendencies toward Hamilton College. His preferences meet with the approval of the other side of the house, so there is no possible doubt about his becoming a son of Hamilton. I am much opposed to co-education outside the home and fireside. As to expansion, my poor brain is not weighty enough to admit of any argument on the question. I could not drive up a chair to save my neck, but I can generally tell the right man to hire to do the work. Thus my views on expansion consist in casting my ballot for the men whom I think will be best fitted to unravel these knotty problems. As to my views on "the best methods of advancing the interests of our Alma Mater" my brain is more clear.

There is one and only one way to accomplish this. Bring on your own and your neighbor's boys. Watch the bureau of vital statistics and follow up the male column till you see at least one man each year landed safely within the classic walls of old Hamilton.

The rest will take care of itself. This is the method I have adopted. Other alumni may contribute their money to buildings and other improvements. Every cent I contribute shall be toward educating men to take their places among the future alumni of the college that I love. And now, classmates, we have passed the ten year mark. Most of us are alive. None of us are rascals, in fact, the only alderman in the class has succeeded in keeping out of jail. We are entering on our second ten. I hope we may say as much at the end of that decade. I heartily renew my affection for you all. The school boy scraps of '89 have tended to bind me closer to my classmates, for while my side was standing together, the other side proved that they, too, had a mind of their own. We are all united together now and the bond is even closer than it would have been under other seemingly peaceful conditions. God bless us one and all and bring us together in 1909 around this stone of ours, an unbroken class of loyal Hamilton men and classmates. I remain yours in the bonds of '89.

SCHUYLER C. BRANDT.





FRANK B. CARLTON.

Residence—156 Boid Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Occupation—Clergyman.

Married—June 22d, 1892, to Nellie Hoag Thayer.

Children—Josephine, born Feb. 14, 1894; Lester Thayer and William Gilchrist, born July 15th, 1897.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 5th, 1901.

Dear Classmates—It is difficult to believe that over twelve years have passed since we parted upon the old Hill to take our separate ways in the world. It is also sad to think of the inroads which time has made upon our college associations. How hard it was to leave the dear old place. How tender of heart we all were as we thought of the fact that no more would we meet as of yore. The writing of these few lines makes the old feeling live again and I have a great longing to see you all once more. There has been much pleasure from time to time in learning of

the success of many of you. Brandt asked me particularly to tell whom I married. Right gladly will I acquiesce in his request. Here was my greatest conquest and royally do I glory in it. Certainly the nine years of my wedded life is sufficient evidence of what I have said. She has been a helpmeet indeed. Her name was Nellie Hoag Thayer, daughter of William J. and Josephine Thayer, of Auburn, N. Y. We were married by Rev. Willis J. Beecher of the Seminary in the Central Presbyterian church on June 22d, 1892. My first pastorate was in Livonia, Livingston county, N. Y., whither we went as bride and groom to begin life's work. Beautifully situated between Lakes Hemlock and Conesus, and well peopled with a hardy, strong minded class of farmers, this parish proved to be an almost ideal country field; a pleasanter place and work I never expect to have again. Patient with my many mistakes and generous towards my shortcomings, the people of that delightful country hamlet shall ever be dear to our hearts. It was there that our first child, Josephine, was born, February 14th, 1894, and I must not omit to mention our first little boy, Frank William, who was born December 13th, 1895, and died February 7th, 1896. Thus was joy and sadness mingled in our lives.

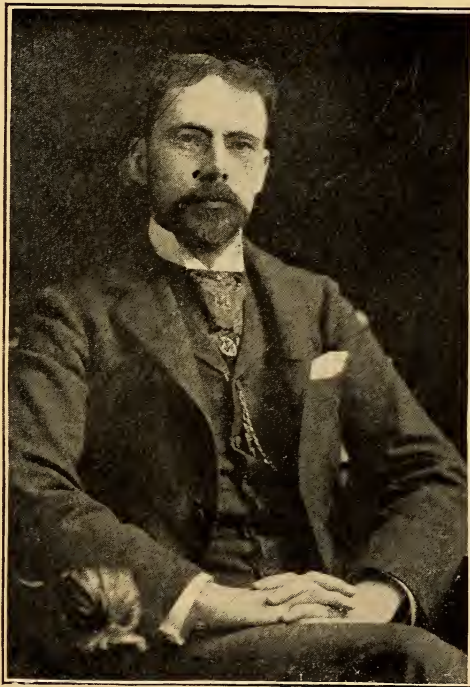
It has just occurred to me that I have omitted an important item. Brandt was so particular about domestic matters that it entirely escaped me to say that, after leaving college, I went to Auburn Theological Seminary, from which institution I graduated in May, 1892. After four years and five months of a most agreeable experience in Livonia a committee from the Bethlehem Presbyterian church of Buffalo visited me and offered me the pastorate of their church. It came just at a time when it seemed to me as if the limit of growth had been reached in my first field and a new opening seemed to promise a larger opportunity and a more varied experience. Thus was it that on December 1st, 1896, we moved to Buffalo, N. Y. Here we are still. Excellent opportunities, splendid privileges, a most valuable experience, a most patient, loyal, self-sacrificing people; this characterizes my Buffalo pastorate. But one thing remains to be told. Let me warn you beforehand, the best has been saved for the last. Upon

July 15th, 1897, twin boys came to our home. It almost seemed as if the one that had been taken was given back together with the one we expected. As I look out of my study window watching the little fellows playing, my heart throbs with delight as I write these words to you. The one's name is Lester Thayer, the other William Gilchrist.

I cannot close without once more expressing my gratitude for my helpful helpmeet and saying to you all that the door of our house will open easily to the touch of any member of '89, and that within there will be found a welcome than which none other can be more genuine.

Sincerely,

FRANK B. CARLTON.



CLARENCE U. CARRUTH.

NO. 838 PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO, N. Y.

My Dear Classmates—The story of my life since graduation can be told in few words. Before leaving Clinton I accepted a

position as instructor in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, but later being tendered the chair of Greek and Latin in Highland University at Highland, Kansas, I resigned the former appointment and accepted the latter.

I spent a very pleasant year in the little college town in north-eastern Kansas, the seat of the oldest college in the State, and after passing the summer in Colorado, commenced the study of law in the office of Messrs. Rossington, Smith & Dallas at Topeka, Kansas. After remaining two years in the West, and not proving a favorable subject for the supposedly rapid, if mysterious process of becoming "westernized," I returned to New York State in August, 1891, and continued my law studies in the office of Messrs. Sprague, Morey, Sprague & Brownell at Buffalo. On April 1, 1892, I was admitted to the bar and commenced practice for myself at Buffalo the following October, where I have continued since.

In 1894 my brother located in Buffalo and the firm of Charles R. and Clarence U. Carruth was formed. Two years later my brother removed to New York city, since which time the firm has maintained offices in both New York and Buffalo, the former in charge of the senior member of the firm, and the latter in my charge. I am a member of the University and Independent Clubs of Buffalo.

On October 30, 1900, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Hutt, of Highland, Kansas.

Sincerely yours,

CLARENCE U. CARRUTH.





CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN.

Residence—Clinton, N. Y.

Occupation—Clergyman.

Married—December 30th, 1891, to Mary Barrows.

TREMONT, NEW YORK CITY, June 27, 1899.

My Dear Classmates:—It was my hope to be with you at our reunion, and until Saturday night I thought to realize it, but a very important business matter summoned me to New York and here I must remain this week. It is a great disappointment to me, but the matter I could not postpone. A good time, long life and prosperity to all of the boys. When this business is over I shall go back home to dream over our 20th. Ten years is a far call. Nevertheless we will all make it, God grant. Really I regret more than I can tell not to be with you. But a certain duty to which I cannot be recreant claims me, and in it there is a hope of some enlargement of my life's plan and purpose. Why did it not come

last week, or why did it not tarry a week and let me be with you? I cannot tell, but patience and obedience are two required subjects in the course we are taking now. May it be a happy course, though hard. May none of us complete it at less than three score and ten, hale and hearty. Then God grant we may all receive that diploma, "Well done."

Very sincerely and cordially your classmate,

CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN.

NOTE.—On the 18th of June, 1901, Mr. Chapin sent us another letter at our request containing more information.—[Committee].

FOR '89's CLASS BOOK.

Charles W. E. Chapin, born May 31st, at Phoenix, Oswego County, N. Y. Parents' names, Charles R. and Eliza N. Chapin. Prepared for college at Little Falls Academy. On graduation entered Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Three years' study there. Married to Mary Barrows, daughter of Dr. Frederick Barrows and Lydia D. Barrows, of Clinton, N. Y., December 30, 1891. Entered ministry of Presbyterian Church. Settled as minister to Highland Chapel, Utica, N. Y., and ordained by the Utica Presbytery November 29, 1892, remaining there four years. In November, 1896, accepted a call to Presbyterian Church at Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y. Remained there three years. Then engaged in literary work. In June, 1899, became editor of the college department of *The Evangelist*, which position I still hold. Have just accepted an additional editorship of missionary department of the *New Century Teacher*, published in Chicago. This, with contributing to magazines and periodicals, comprises my present work. In 1896 I published a small volume of sermons entitled, "Gifts and Graces," which was well received and edition exhausted. Present residence, Clinton, N. Y.



DAVID H. CHRESTENSEN.

DEFREESTVILLE, N. Y., September 17th, 1901.

My Dear Classmates—A century has passed since we were all together on the campus of the dear old college "On the Hill." Yet for all I do not feel very ancient. The time since we all separated has been comparatively short, and yet how much has transpired. The years, for me, have been busy ones; I doubt not all can honestly say the same, for '89 was always a class of workers, on the part of some even to working the faculty.

The first three years of post-graduate time was spent in Theological Seminary at Auburn, with the vacations taken up by missionary and other clerical work. I was licensed to preach and ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery at Utica on April 12th, 1892, along with three other '89 men. I entered the active work of a pastor in the summer of 1892 by accepting an invitation from the Presbyterian church of Milford, N. Y., to become their

under shepherd. For two years it was my privilege to serve that people, ministering to them in eternal things. It was there that I first built my nest in the establishing of my own home, and a happy one it was. The home and happiness still abide, though other nests have been built. At the end of two years a call came from the Reformed church of Irvington, N. Y. This meant I would have to give up the sweet fellowship of the Presbyterian church. Perhaps it would be better to say it was the opportunity of a broadening of fellowship. The entering into the communion of the Reformed (Dutch) church in America meant no breaking of happy ties, no change, except in the name.

My pastorate in Irvington was in many respects a delightful one. But all delights sometime or other must be superceded. And this one for me was superceded by a period of ill health, which laid me aside from the active pastorate for a time. December, 1897, found me entering upon the field which is my present care and joy. For nearly four years I have endeavored to help and inspire this people to better, truer and purer living.

The years of my separation from "Old Hamilton" have been years of profit, I trust, years in which I have learned lessons, difficult, yes! but once learned, as a result, clearer visions of higher things, inculcating in the mind and heart strange desires to reach the higher. These years have been blended with clouds and sunshine, but in such ways as to beautify life more than if it had been all sunshine.

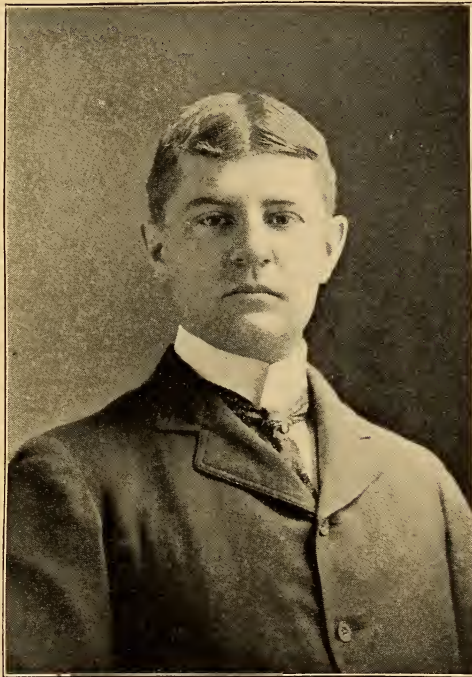
Would you have me write of my successes? Let me suggest that successes in the ministry are not measured as in law or politics or business. The ministry is a profession of service, and when men are engaged in service for bettering mankind there is little time for thinking of success. The ministry is not the sphere for men to enter who are looking merely for success. It is the sphere where man looks for the way to render best service to God and his fellow-man. But there are successes in the ministry. That minister is a success who helps his fellow-man to endure the burdens and overcome the temptations of life, who inspires and directs another to holiness of character. The success of the minister cannot be measured with the yard stick nor the calen-

dar. Only when limitations vanish and time merges into eternity will the minister's success be known. Service is the rule now, success only as eternity may reveal it.

I was married on June 1st, 1892, to Miss Ray M. Hemenway, of Harford, N. Y. God has graciously and lovingly entrusted to our care and training one dear boy, born April 26th, 1900, whom we call Arthur Palmer Chrestensen. His presence is sunshine in our home.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID H. CHRESTENSEN.



WILLIAM MILLER COLLIER.

Residence—Auburn, N. Y.

Occupation—Lawyer.

Married—September 13th, 1893, to Frances Beardsley Ross.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 19th, 1899.

Dear Classmates:—I supposed last Spring when I received

your invitation from the committee to attend the class reunion and also calling for a class letter, that personal attendance would be accepted in lieu of a written missive, so I went to Clinton at commencement ready to "show up" personally, but carrying with me no written epistle. I do not like the idea now of being my own autobiographer. I would rather submit to an interview by a reporter or have the personal sketch business turned over entirely to an editor of the class book. Why would it not be a good idea to have "Bill" Chapin write the sketches of all of us? I am sure he would do us all justice, although my own plea would be that he do some of us mercy. He was the "literary feller" of our class. Yes, get "Bill" to do it for us, or if he flunks, get some of the men of the class who have been reporters to "just dash it off." There is Hockridge or Bice who could do it with all the accuracy and imagination of the modern news gatherer. But if none of the fellows will do it I suppose each man must. The class book must be complete. Each man must want to hear about each other member of the dear old class and each member in order to enjoy this privilege must tell his own story.

Mine is short. After graduation I taught for a year, 1899 to 1890, in the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, then under the presidency of D. H. Cochran, a Hamilton graduate and trustee. There were at that time connected with the institution many young Hamilton men, and association with them kept firm and taut the college ties and made my year pass pleasantly. Incidentally to my work as instructor I studied law in the office of Hon. Thomas E. Pearsall, of Brooklyn. The following year, in the fall of 1890, I entered Columbia College Law School, at that time under the presidency of Dr. Theodore W. Dwight, a Hamilton graduate and former professor, and a resident of Clinton in our days at Hamilton. I think our class helped build several fences and walks in front of his residence. I assume we did because we did our share of demolition, and as a class proved a very active "Village Improvement Society," by paying the assessments levied by the faculty to replace with new fences old and rickety ones torn down by us. While at Columbia I also taught in a New York school. The previous summer I had been a clerk and student in the law office of Tremain & Taylor, in New York City.

I was at Columbia Law School only a few months. In November of that year I was urged by many friends to locate at Auburn, N. Y., which I did in the latter part of that month. A few weeks after settling there I was appointed clerk of the Surrogate's Court of Cayuga County, a position I held from January 1st, 1891, to July 1st, 1892, just after my admission to the bar. While clerk of the Surrogate's Court I continued my law studies and at the same time I edited "The Purple and Gold," the quarterly magazine published by my college fraternity, the Chi Psi, and was also the editor-in-chief of the Semi-Centennial Catalogue of the Chi Psi, a book of some seven or eight hundred pages. In those days there were few cuts charged up against me, as the many things I had undertaken demanded all my time and constant attention. I think I was then doing about four men's work and was in much the same plight as that famous sailor of whom John J. Saxe sings, who left his sinking ship with a number of his companions and took a boat in the open sea, a water-less, provision-less boat. Cannibalism was resorted to in order to save life and the sailor just mentioned proved to be the final survivor. Complacently (according to Saxe) he sat on the stern of his wave-tossed boat and thinking over the positions once held by those who were once his comrades on the boat, but who had gradually one by one become his gastronomic prey, he cheerily sang:

"Oh, I'm a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
A bo'swain tight, a midship mite
And the crew of the captain's gig."

In June, 1892, I was admitted to the bar and at once went into partnership with one of the old lawyers of Auburn, Mr. H. V. Howland. That partnership lasted about a year until Mr. Howland, owing to advanced age, retired from active practice. I formed a new partnership with Messrs. Teller & Hunt, but after a few months opened an office alone and continued in practice in Auburn without a partner until the pressure of official and professional work in February of this year necessitated my taking in a young partner. I chose Mr. L. K. R. Laird, a young Hamilton

graduate of 1896, and a man who possessed the Hamilton traits of activity and stir. Our practice is a general one, although by reason of my former connection with Surrogate's Court we have had considerable work in that line, and lately have had much bankruptcy practice. Before the passage of the present bankruptcy act by Congress, not anticipating its passage, I gave a great deal of study to that act and to bankruptcy law in general. The result of my work appeared in a book of 700 pages or thereabouts, called Collier on Bankruptcy. The fact that it was the first exhaustive treatise upon or study of the law made the book a timely publication and it had had for a law book a large sale and met with a kindly reception by the judges, referees in bankruptcy and the profession generally. The first edition appeared in September, 1898, and the enlarged edition in January, 1899. I have also written a work known as Collier's Annotated Rules and Forms in Bankruptcy, and am now editing the American Bankruptcy Reports, of which volume 1 was out in July, 1899, volume 2 is now ready for binding and volume 3 is in the press, being issued in advance sheets, to be bound when the entire work is ready. In August, 1898, I was appointed by United States District Judge Coxe as one of the referees in bankruptcy for the Northern District of New York, which position I held until February, 1899, when I resigned it to accept a position of New York State Civil Service Commissioner, to which I was appointed by Gov. Roosevelt. I am a Republican and in touch with the organization, but believe that the party serves itself best when it aids the people most and I am convinced that it does not serve the people best, nor in the long run aid itself the most, if it rewards its members or followers by giving them positions or offices for other reasons than their fitness for them. I am now and for two years have been the secretary of the Republican County Committee of Cayuga County. In 1893 I married Miss Frances B. Ross, of Auburn, N. Y. Our wedding day was September 13th. We defied, you see, the thirteen superstition, and my experience is that like the boy we guessed right the very first time. I have no criticism at any rate of my luck. Mrs. Collier and I both extend a cordial invitation to any of the '89'ers who may be in Auburn to call upon us. I think I have told you all my doings. As for my

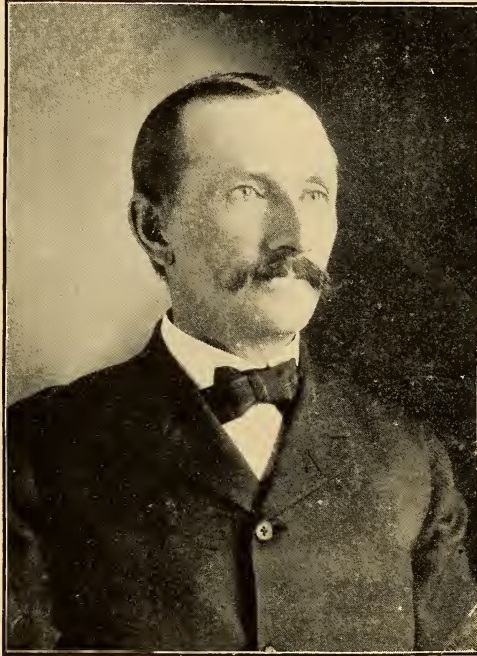
comings and goings there is little to say unless possibly to mention that I have been fortunate enough during three of my summer vacations to crowd in a trip to Europe, the first in 1895, when I spent four months on the continent. The second a short trip to England in 1897, and the third a few weeks this past summer in the Scottish Highlands, Ireland and parts of England and France. Traveling is a pleasure, but the home coming is the best part of it. "There is no place like home," and next to one's own fireside few if any places are so dear as the old college on the hill and the old homes there. We make friends and acquaintances as we live on, but no "chums," no friends like those of college days. I think the class letter asked for our views on expansion. My reply to that is, I believe in it; believe in it as a present actuality, believe in its responsibilities, in all its duties, in all its opportunities, in the worth of its sacrifices, in the blessings of its unselfishness; I believe in it because the world moves and civilization advances. I am speaking of national expansion. We have not yet adopted expansion as a policy in our family life. That remains only as large as when we were first married. But personally, to be very frank, I am an exemplification of a "physical" expansion policy, being now about forty pounds heavier than when I left college. I send by your request a photograph in lieu of a cut or plate. I have no half-tone plate or wood cut. You know that the half-tone cuts and the wood cuts are the unkindest cuts of all.

At commencement nothing gave me so much pleasure as seeing so many of my classmates. Next to that nothing was so satisfactory as to listen to the class letters from the absent ones. I felt proud then of my class and of all my classmates, for the record of every one seemed to be clean and straight. May that ever be true of us all. When I said that nothing gave me so much pleasure as seeing so many of my classmates at commencement, I should have added "and to have had perfect harmony in the class." May that harmony which has been born through so much travail and vexation of spirit live forever and may '89 exemplify, not only in its personal and class relations, but in the broader relations of the great brotherhood of man, the beautiful class

motto given us by Dr. North, "Each for all, all for each." With best wishes for you one and all, I am,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM MILLER COLLIER.



E. E. DOCKSTADER.

PATTERSONVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 5th, 1901.

Dear Classmates:—The request for a class letter sets me thinking of the close relation existing in the Class of '89 when we made our debut to the public.

For the four years previous, while living within the confines of college jurisdiction, our intercourse with the business world was naturally limited. At the end of this period when our foster parent dismissed us from her care we set forth with great expectations of successful careers; some looking to the West, but the greater number clung to the old Empire State. Among the latter your humble servant is pleased to be numbered.

I take it that these letters are expected to be a little historic—biographic—therefore, it becomes necessary for the writer to become the first person and speak of himself in preference to all others of the class.

After graduating, I very soon married the accomplished, attractive and best young lady of the land—Mary Donnan—my junior by two years. Together “we tread the wine press,” misfortune and fortune being shared alike.

For about three years my time was mostly occupied as a pedagogue, after which I took to the farm, intending to live a quiet life—having no inclination to enter politics—lived quietly and happily ’till the year ’91, when being chosen one of the delegates to attend the State convention of the Patrons of Industry, at which convention I was chosen president. This office I held for two years, being re-elected. During these two years my time was not altogether my own. In the second year of my incumbency I was sent as a delegate to a national convention held in Toledo. These two years were years of wide experience, the office requiring the president to be here and there, throwing him in contact with people in all stages of life.

After this a mercantile business was offered to me. For this I at once negotiated, in which I am now engaged, the success of which I hope to prove in the not far off future.

While I have not demonstrated my outward attachments for the class and the old college, I still have cherished memories, and hope some time to come in closer touch with both, ere the three junior Dockstaders get so far in their educational career as to become a part of old Hamilton. We have but little hopes for the daughters becoming a part of the old institution unless co-education is established.

Yours in ’89,

E. E. DOCKSTADER.



ALBERT EVANS.

Residence—396 West Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Occupation—Clergyman.

Married—September 9th, 1891, to Mattie Perry.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 3rd, 1899.

TO THE ALUMNI REUNION COMMITTEE CLASS OF '89:

Dear Classmates:—I trust you will pardon my tardiness in sending you the desired information for the class history and that my delay has not greatly hindered you in the work. I am looking forward with much pleasure to the reunion in June, as it has not been my good fortune to be back on the Hill since our graduation. I hope, however, to be in Clinton in June. The ten years past have brought to us all many blessings, and to some doubtless many disappointments. As to myself, I would say that immediately after my graduation in '89 I went to Ebensburg, Pa., where I had charge of the Welsh Presbyterian churches of Ebensburg and North Ebensburg for the summer. In September I entered Princeton Theological Seminary in the middle class, having completed the work of the first year before entering Ham-

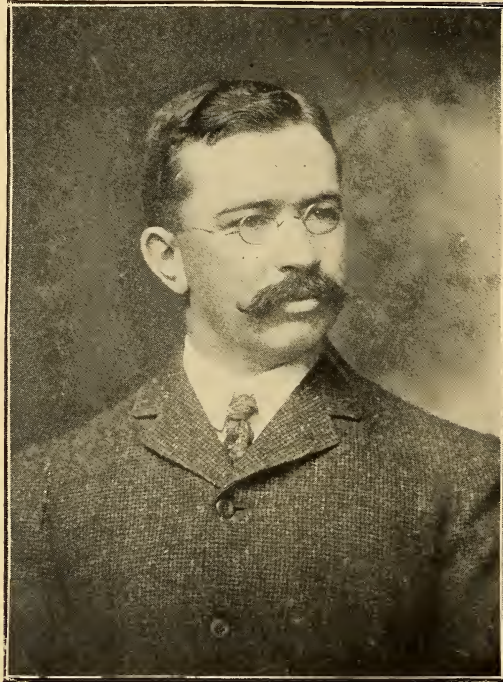
ilton. During the summer of 1890 I preached in several Home Mission churches in the central part of South Dakota. I graduated from Princeton in May, 1891, and was called to the pastorate of the Third Presbyterian church of Camden, N. J., where I was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of West Jersey. On the 9th day of September, 1891, I was married to Mattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Perry, Sandusky, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James B. Lee, '87, of Franklinville, assisted by Rev. R. R. Watkins, '79. We have no little ones to bring cheer and gladness into our home. As to imperialism of the home I would say that at the present moment I reign supreme, Mrs. Evans being in New York. Our stay at Camden was of short duration. In March, 1892, I received a call to become pastor of the Waverly Presbyterian church of Baltimore. The call was accepted and I entered upon my work there April 1st, 1892. That pastorate continued for four years when an invitation came from the Westminster of Rochester inviting me to my present field of labor. I began my work here May 1st, 1896; since that time the work has been pleasant and encouraging. It may be a little hard to say just where I stand in politics. On national issues I have voted the Republican ticket; locally I am an independent. I thoroughly believe in the McKinley administration and in expansion for the nation so far as it has thus far gone. I fear, however, that there may be danger ahead. Co-education is a good thing, the higher education of woman is an excellent thing. Let old Hamilton in this regard be in the future what it has been in the past. I rejoice greatly in your peace conference for '89, whatever may be the result of the Czar's efforts for the nations. Let the result of our conference be the establishment of universal peace for the class of '89. I have always felt that the unfortunate division was a blot upon our history which should be removed. I shall most heartily second any endeavor on the part of the committee to that end; by all means, at whatever cost, let us remove any traces of the petty strife. We have now become men; we should put away childish things and in the strength of our manhood join heart and hand in loyalty to our loved and honored college. I hope to be with you in June and will be glad to further

in so far as I am able anything the class may decide upon for the good of our *Alma Mater*.

Very sincerely yours in '89,

ALBERT EVANS.

WESTMINSTER CHURCH.



FRANK BIXBEE GILBERT.

51 STATE ST., ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1901.

Dear Classmates:—If what follows is to be printed, Brandt and Whitney must exercise their editorial prerogatives and freely use the blue pencil and make good the apparent discrepancies. They eagerly sought the job of getting out this Class Book and to them belongs the responsibility of its literary merit. The class of '89, which, to my certain knowledge, reluctantly permitted them to undertake this work, should hold them strictly accountable for everything put in and everything left out.

It won't take me long to tell what has happened to me since graduation. The years have gone quickly, with few personal incidents worthy of note, some minor successes, an occasional reverse and enough of sorrow and pain to make the good things stand out the brighter.

For a couple of years after we separated, I studied law with my uncle, Judge Francis R. Gilbert, at his office in Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y. I was admitted to the bar in November, 1891, and practiced for a few months in Stamford. While engaged in the study of law I was employed by Judge Isaac H. Maynard, who resided at Stamford, as a clerk in the work of Statutory Revision, a commission of which Judge Maynard was a member, having been appointed for this purpose during the spring of 1889. In February, 1892, the work of the Statutory Revision Commission was centered in an office at Albany, and, with the clerks of the other commissioners, I removed to the Capitol City. Here the work of revision was continued through the administrations of successive governors, under the supervision of different commissioners, until the first of January, 1901, when, by an act of the Legislature of 1900, the commission was abolished. I was connected with the work of the commission from a few months after its creation until its termination. One of the last commissioners under whom I served was the Hon. A. Judd Northrup, an enthusiastic Hamilton man of the class of 1858. Those who have had the good fortune of knowing Judge Northrup will readily understand the pleasure and satisfaction derived from my association with him in the work of the commission.

The commission revised in chapters all the general laws of the State; submitted to the Legislature a re-arranged system of codes of criminal and civil procedure, and acted, during the sessions of the Legislature, as advisers in matters of legislation to the members, committees and officers of the Legislature. The greater part of this latter work consisted in the preparation of legislative bills for introduction.

After the termination of the commission, offices were created by the Legislature for the performance of this part of the

work of the commission, to which Mr. Robert C. Cumming, Mr. Henry L. Woodward and myself were appointed for the legislative session of 1901.

My connection with the Statutory Revision Commission brought to my hand a line of law editorial work, as a result of which, with the collaboration of Mr. Robert C. Cumming, a number of law books of greater or less magnitude have been compiled and published. Among these might be mentioned: "The Poor, Insanity and State Charities Laws," and the "Tax Laws of New York," published in 1896; "The Lien Law of New York," and "The Village Laws," published in 1899, and "Court Rules of New York," published in 1900. Mr. Cumming and I have just completed (September, 1901), as a culmination of all this class of work, an edition of "The General Laws and Revised Statutes of the State of New York." This is a work of three volumes, containing over 4,500 pages, and comprises all the general laws and statutes of the State, with cross-references and notes of decisions of the State courts construing and applying the several sections of such laws and statutes. I have also completed, on my own account, a work known as "The Town and County Officers' Manual," 1898, and a small text-book on "Domestic Relations."

The labor on these so-called annotated compilations of statutes, in addition to that performed in connection with the Commission of Statutory Revision, has left but little time to devote to the regular practice of the law, although I have maintained an office and displayed my "shingle" at 51 State street, in this city, since 1895. Since the commission was abolished I have devoted myself to an attempt to secure a regular clientage.

I married in 1895. The rash young woman was Frances Freiot, of Bainbridge, N. Y., the home of my boyhood, and where my parents now reside. It was not a case of "gold brick" with her, for the affair which resulted in marriage dated back a number of years, and she had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with me. She assures me that she had her eyes wide open, and that if she made a mistake she can only blame herself. We have a comfortable little home at 69 Lake avenue, in this city, where we would be pleased at any time to entertain any

member of the class of '89 who happens to be a sojourner in our midst. We have no children. We have been happy without them, although we might have been happier with them.

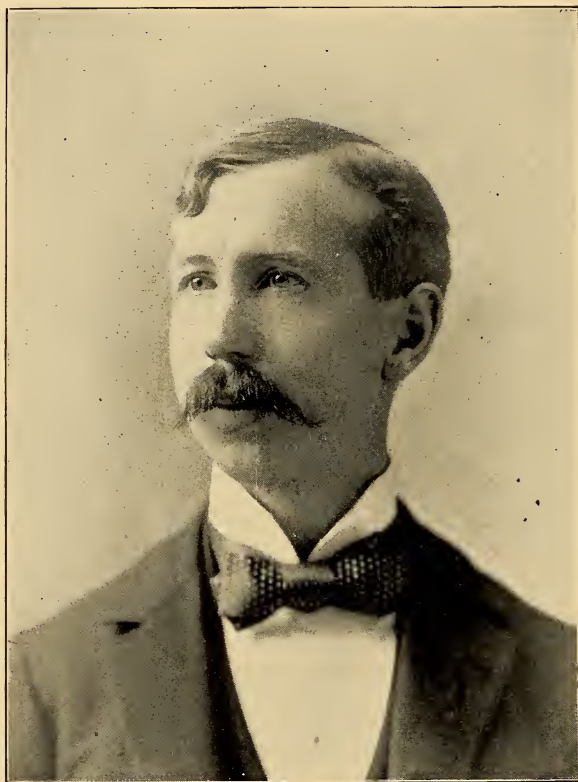
Physically, I am like Collier, grown fat and chesty—not uncomfortably so, however—weighing not more than one hundred and ninety pounds. Morally, I am no worse, not much better, with plenty of chance for improvement.

I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to talk about myself—it isn't worth while to do it very often—but the anticipated enjoyment of reading what the other members of the class will say about themselves justifies this short autobiographical sketch.

In 1909 we may meet again in reunion on the campus at old Hamilton. We can read all these letters, sketches or whatever they may be and call each other to account for misstatements—and perhaps we will want a corrected edition of our Class Book.

FRANK BIXBEE GILBERT.





ERWIN L. HOCKRIDGE.

UTICA, N. Y., June 27th, 1899.

My Dear Brandt:—Yours of some months past, in regard to the coming reunion of the class of '89, was duly received and noted with pleasure. Although I am planning to be present at the occasion, yet in accordance with your request I will "grind out" the story of the first decade of my college life now; and coming as it does at this late hour (in fact on just one day prior to the reunion), it will at least have the advantage of being quite up to date.

From 1889 to 1891 I was on the editorial staff of the Utica Morning Herald; then having revelled sufficiently long in the glory, fame and pomp of journalism, I resigned my position and accepted one as instructor in Latin and Greek in the Normal

school at Carroll, Iowa. Subsequently returning to this State, for five years longer I served in pedagogical work, having been principal of the Madrid Union school and later going to the High schools at Catskill and at Penn Yan. Closing my work at Penn Yan with the summer of 1897, I returned to Utica, became managing clerk of the law firm of Jones, Townsend & Rudd (at the same time resuming my law study), and expect to be admitted to the bar with the early part of the new year. And let me add right here, that if in the years to come—and may they be many for '89—should any of the fellows re-visit this good old city of Utica, and in a moment of "inadvertence" fall into paths which prudent boys do not (as a rule) travel, thus perchance running amuck with such annoying things as ordinances, etc., why, in such an emergency, let them not fail to avail themselves of the very best legal counsel, and of course call upon the undersigned. (There, how's that for good old-time Hamilton assurance.) And if said undersigned is in need of associate counsel, why he will at once call into the case our C. B. Miller, who is rapidly rising as a legal authority of this city.

However, in closing, I must not fail to answer another query of yours. In politics I am a staunch Republican, and as to public matters, with our sturdy Governor, brave and intrepid soldier, progressive and true statesman, Theodore Roosevelt, I believe in meeting our new national obligations fairly and squarely—in fact, I am a believer, heart and soul, in expansion; but must confess, at the risk of being a trifle inconsistent, that as to domestic relations my views are not as yet quite so pronounced, as I am still unmarried and to the best of my information and belief, am in no immediate danger of leaving my present serene bachelor estate.

Very truly yours,

ERWIN L. HOCKRIDGE.

NOTE.—Soon after the above letter was written, Mr. Hockridge was admitted to the bar and resigned his position with Messrs. Jones, Townsend & Rudd, and decided to remain in Utica; on September 1st, 1900, opening offices at No. 43 Mann Building, where he has since been enjoying a steadily increasing

general law practice. Mr. Hockridge is also a member of Co. B, Fourth Battalion of the National Guard of New York, and is a State civil service examiner in and for Utica and vicinity.



E. E. HYATT.

Dear Classmates:—The memoranda asked for in your letter is as follows:

Edward Wilson Hyatt, attorney at law.

Married, on June 30th, 1896, to Mabel Preston Brown.

Residence at Homer, N. Y.

No children.

Wishing you success in your undertaking, I remain,

Fraternally,

E. E. HYATT.





HENRY W. JOHNSON.

Residence—Hudson, N. Y.

Occupation—Physician.

Married—October 5th, 1895, to Anna Elizabeth Groat.

Children—Robert Groat, born July 21st, 1898; William Warner, born August 10th, 1901.

HUDSON, N. Y., June 2d, 1899.

My Dear Classmates:—After ten years' friction in the world for which our college days finished the preparation, I hope a goodly number may be permitted to gather and recount experiences. I have seen now and again '89 men, and from what each one tells me, one would think they were all young doctors, all of whom do well, though a few starve. I am sure, however, that this latter is not true of our men, and I am glad that I have not heard an adverse report of one of them.

As for myself, I submit the following brief report. After leaving the wholesome influences of college days and things I

was imbued with the spirit of work and money making, which I followed for a few days before starting on my life work. I entered Albany Medical College in the fall of '89 and graduated, the last under the old law, in two years, being allowed the privilege through my A. B., by doing the whole course work and passing something over thirty examinations at the end of that period. I was anxious to accomplish this, as it never could be done again, and there was a general feeling that it could not be done then. Afterwards, however, I took practical chemical work for some time before locating for practice. I did special work at the Presbyterian Hospital, Roosevelt Hospital and the Vanderbilt Clinic, where at the expiration of my service I was offered an assistanceship. Like all of us I have done well. At present I am assistant surgeon Co. D, First Regiment N. G. N. Y., member of the board of health of the city of Hudson, of Columbus County Medical Society, New York State Medical Association, American Medical Association, Hudson University Club, am a Commissioner in Lunacy and am married. Referring to the circular letter—I believe that bachelor women should be co-educated and to say that I rule the roost is putting it gently. I am “cock of the walk,” am irregular at meals and smoke cigarettes in the house *ad libitum*. I believe in expansion, Hamilton College and the Presbyterian Church, though Mrs. Johnson is Dutch Reform and Dutchmen here favor Rutgers. As concerns the differences in the class at the time of graduation, the cause of which is forgotten and the effect of which I hope has done no harm, let us efface from the record and memory every evidence. It shall be my endeavor to attend the reunion, as to meet the fellows will, I know, be an exceeding pleasure and a great profit.

Believe me very cordially yours, H. W. JOHNSON.

Before publishing this book we received the following from the Hudson Register :

“William Warner Johnson arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Johnson this morning for an indefinite stay. Little William W. was weighed upon arrival, and the scales registered just ten pounds. A look at the joyous countenance of the doctor will convince you that he is the happiest man in Hudson to-day.”



WALTER SHERMAN KNOWLSON.

Residence—Saratoga, N. Y.

Occupation—Teacher.

Married—August 7, 1889, to Katherine Pauline Leo.

Children—Ruth Leo, age 7.

Walter Sherman Knowlson, born in Utica, N. Y., April 19, 1866, of English and Dutch stock. Walter Sherman Knowlson was one of the little ones of the class of '89. His paternal grandparents came from England in 1805 and settled at Albany, whence they moved to Utica. On his mother's side his ancestry dates back to the old Dutch settlers about Schenectady in 1642.

In the month of June, 1885, he was graduated from the Utica Free Academy and entered Hamilton the following September. At college with the remainder of the illustrious class of '89 he distinguished and extinguished himself and was graduated with the only honor he wanted, a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Since graduation he has followed his chosen profession, teaching, and has been principal at Holland Patent, Sherburne, Clinton and Saratoga Springs. At the last named place he has been at the head of the High School for the past six years. He was married to Katherine Pauline Leo, of Utica, August 7th, 1889. To them were born two children, Walter Leo, who, had he lived, would now be ten years of age. Death took him away at the age of two, and Hamilton College lost a member of the class of 1909. Ruth Leo, aged seven, is now their only child and to her old Hamilton can look for one of its loyal sisters. Imbued with the spirit of fraternity while at college, he has lost none of its beneficent influence and now he has become somewhat of a joiner. At present he is regent of the High Rock Council, No. 652, Royal Arcanum, and a prominent and active member of Washington Commandery, No. 33, Knights Templar. Business and professional interests have many times driven out of his mind the boys of old Hamilton and the class of '89, but there comes a time when in memory he goes back and lives over four happy years—years never to return—among those who will ever be near and dear to him in Old North, on the way up the hill, in the recitation room, on the campus. Meanwhile he wonders where and when they will meet again and how many will come back in 1909 to shake the hand and exchange words of greeting and good will. Until that time comes, he says "auf wiedersehn" to those of his class who pause and read.



DEAN RICHMOND LELAND.

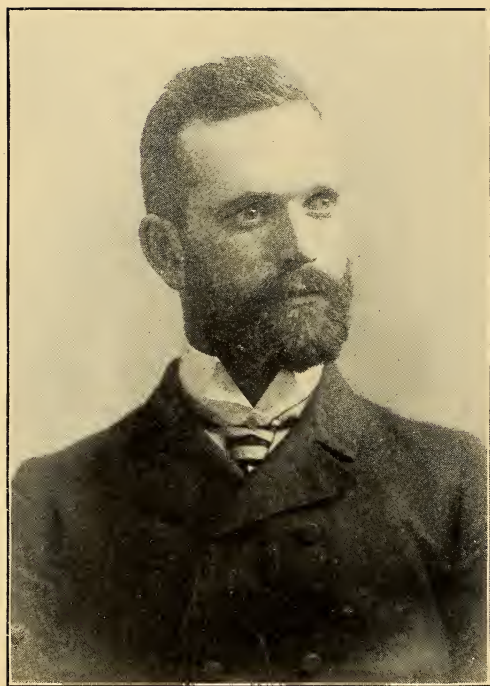
TYLER PLACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 26, 1901.

Dear Classmates:—After graduation my first year was given up to teaching natural science in my home academy at Lockport, N. Y. It took the usual three years to get the proper fast color in theology at Princeton. My first pastorate was the Second Presbyterian Church of Lockport. In '97 I took a graduate course at Princeton and for the past three years have been in St. Louis, now pastor of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church. I shall be married this year.

Fraternally yours,

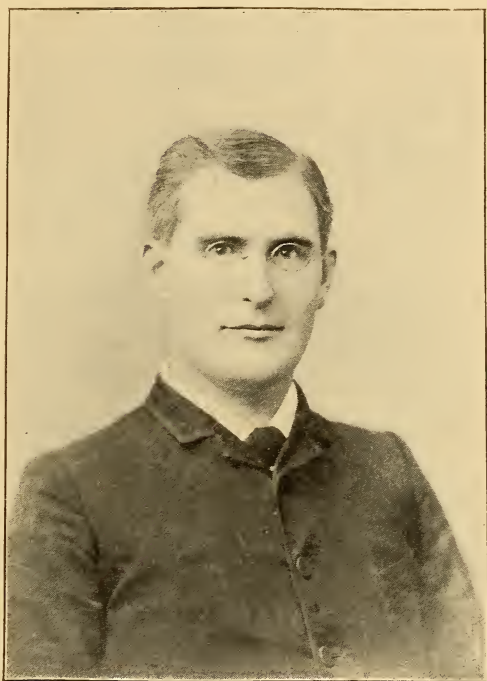
DEAN R. LELAND.



W. S. LEAVENWORTH.

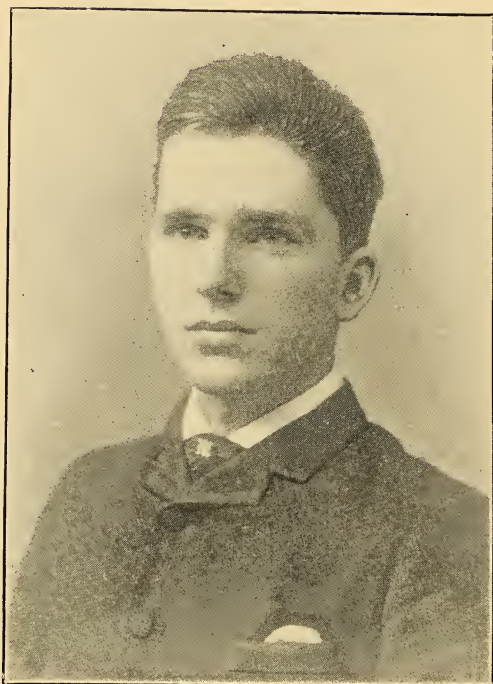
We had given Leavy up and had a cut made of his class picture. Before the last form went to press his letter and latest picture came. You will find them later on in the book.

(COMMITTEE.)



ROBERT McCULLOUGH.

The Committee has not been able to locate McCullough, but here is his picture. We all remember big, sturdy, honest "John" McCullough. The classes of '88 and '90 have reason to remember him, too. He was a "bad man" in a row provided he did not lose his glasses. We all well remember, too, his famous speech in the class meeting when certain members were suspended for kidnapping "Billy" Best (we won't mention their names, it might imperil their jobs). We had to hold "John," and it took a lot of us to do it or he would have annihilated the faculty. We hope to find him some day and renew the happy companionship of twelve years ago.



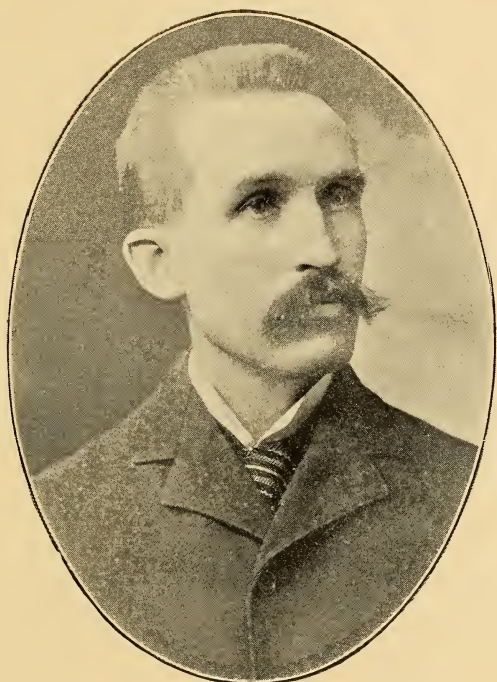
WILLIAM JACKSON MCGUIRE.

Born in Ava, N. Y., May 14th, 1864.

Prepared for college at the Rome Academy.

Died in Clinton, September 10, 1887, of typhoid fever.

"Mollie" McGuire sleeps in the college cemetery on the old College Hill. He was the only member of the class that we had to leave behind. His memory will remain in our hearts as long as there is a member of '89 living. We will always remember his great heartedness, his happy disposition and his loyalty to friends, classmates and Old Hamilton. What a fine speaker "Mollie" was, and how he used to make the old college chapel ring. It will give us all pleasure to look at this picture, for many of us have not seen it for many years. To none of us, however, has McGuire been forgotten, nor will he be when our children and grand children wander through the old cemetery and gaze upon his grave.



CURTISS BIGELOW MILLER.

Residence—Deansboro, N. Y. (Office at Utica).

Occupation—Lawyer.

Married—September 23rd, 1889, to Eva M. Barton.

Children—Barton Duncan, born July 13, 1896.

UTICA, N. Y., May 17th, 1899.

Dear Classmates of '89:—It hardly seems possible that it will be ten years next June since the class of '89 left the hill. How many things have happened since then. The words from Longfellow's poem, "The Clock on the Stairs," seem peculiarly applicable:

"All are scattered now and fled;
Some are married—some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain
When shall we all meet again,
As in the days long since gone by?
The ancient time piece makes reply,
Forever—Never—Never—Forever."

And yet at this our first decennial many of the fellows ought to get together. As far as I have heard the ten years that have passed have been prosperous years for the members of '89. And perhaps while none of us have become millionaires, we have what is far better, a work to do in the world and strength and a will to do it. As far as I am personally concerned, I doubt if there is much to interest my fellow classmates. In August, 1889, I began teaching as principal of Franklin Academy and Union School at Prattsburg, Steuben County, N. Y., where so many Hamilton men have begun their work, my immediate predecessors having been Palmer, Knapp and Witherhead, all Hamilton men. After teaching four weeks I came to the conclusion that it is not good for man to be alone, and so on the 23rd of September, 1889, I took unto myself a wife, Eva Barton, of Deansboro. We remained in Prattsburg for six years, and six very pleasant years they were. It is my opinion that the place where a man begins housekeeping and his life's work will seem more like home to him than any other. On leaving Prattsburg in 1895 we went to Addison, in the same county, where I took charge of the schools and where in July, 1896, a little boy, our only child, was born to us, Barton Duncan Miller, who at present is in training for the foot ball team of 1916. After teaching in Addison three years I entered a law office in Utica, where I am now located. It may possibly be of interest to state that my immediate successor at Prattsburg was De La Fleur, and he was succeeded by Glass, both Hamilton men; while my successor at Addison was Friend Miller, a Hamilton man. Such in brief has been my life since graduation, and it is with the hope that at the coming commencement I may meet many of the members of the class of '89 that I close this letter.

Very truly yours,

C. B. MILLER.



GEORGE D. MILLER.

WARSAW, N. Y., June 7, 1899.

My Dear Classmates:—'89 seems but last year and it hardly is possible that we shall meet in Clinton in June for our tenth reunion. In a decade many of us have probably grown wiser, some of us stronger and a few better. Our class disagreements were unfortunate, but in fiction reconciliations are sweet. Nothing conduces to the uniting of broken ties as a common affection. With a devoted love for our *Alma Mater* we all have a common interest in her children. If we are to chisel some old records from our memorial pillars we must also erase any remaining indications of them from our hearts. Some of the fellows may remember the unfortunate features in Hamilton when we were students, but I hope not one of us is so short sighted as not to see in the experience of ten years the great things that Hamilton has done for us. Rejoicing in the rejuvenating of the college in these modern days, we hail Dr. Stryker as the modern Arnold of

Rugby. But we must not forget in our reunion the sacrifice and love of Dr. Darling, who through the years of his incumbency gave every dollar of his salary to the institution and its students. I think more of Hamilton to-day than ever before. It is my history that you wish? Well, I hope you will not think it my obituary. To prove my existence I hope to materialize in Clinton in June. Some thought that three years in Union Seminary under Dr. Briggs would prove fatal, but the long, lean and bony ones survived. They will not wax fat because they kicked too much. The smell of pine in the logging camps and sandy plains of Michigan put a little more vigor in the blood and some horse sense in the brain. Three months of such experience sufficed. During the three years of seminary life I tested Brandt's grammar and German prose on the scattered population of the West Side of New York City. But my German was ordinarily too high for them. After graduation the East Enders of Long Island requested me to experiment on them. Never had a better time in my life. Sailing, fishing, crabbing consumed part of my time and incidentally some work was done and a few sermons written. Had everything needed there except a wife. In 1894 the salt regions of New York needed a pastor and your humble servant, thinking that such an atmosphere might prove beneficial, accepted their call. The people there have infused considerable of the saline ingredient into their pastor's nature. Some work has been done there also, and by God's help nearly two hundred have been added to the church membership in four years and a half. Nearly five hundred sermons have been prepared and to use the figure so often heard from Prof. Kelsey, if you wish juicy reading try Webster's dictionary or Miller's sermons. Am I married? Yes, thanks to a kind Providence and a woman's sacrificing spirit, that most holy bond of union between earthly creatures was consummated the 18th of last October. And now, classmates, life has been mostly on the level with no great achievements and no great failures. None of us are so old yet as to cease looking toward the future. May that future to all of us be in its reality as bright as our hopes.

Yours in '89,

GEORGE D. MILLER.



W. W. MILLER.

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1901.

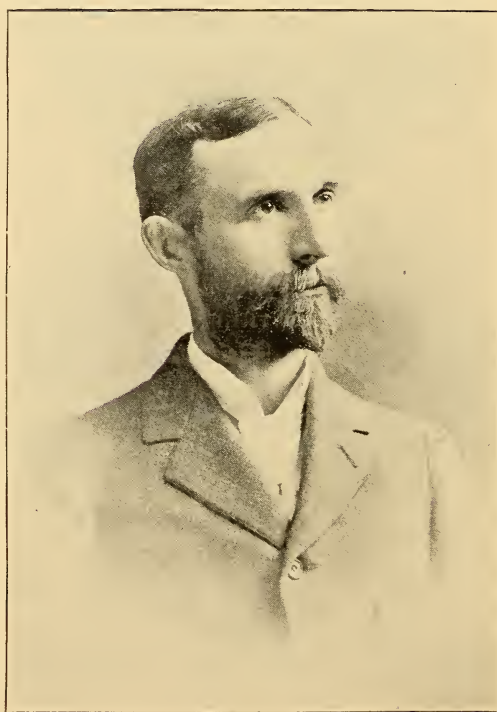
Dear Classmates:—In writing my history for the Class Book I feel that a peculiar task is before me. Not as in the old days of '89 do I like to blow my own trumpet. If the rest of the class felt as I do, I am sure these letters would be prosy reading. But here goes, and look out for the report of one of the guns of '89. I went into my chosen profession and was principal of the High School at Avoca, N. Y., from 1888 to 1894. During this time I made great progress, not wholly as an instructor of the youth, but along better lines in my judgment. In December, 1890, I was married to Edith Lillian Bonham, of Susquehanna, Pa., at Belfast, N. Y. I consider this the best move I have ever made. We have been blessed abundantly, not with children of our own, but with about four hundred of other people's. I might state here they are the "four hundred" and no mistake.

In 1894 we moved to Monticello, N. Y., where I "taught the young idea how to shoot" for the period of three years, when I

made up my mind that it was time wasted to educate people when the chief business was summer boarders and the cultivation of rocks—not those we fellows of '89 enjoyed, but immense boulders. In 1897 we again moved, and now I am serving my fifth year as principal at Friendship. By the way, that name is true of the town, the people, and the boys and girls. I am like all the others in '89—I am still looking for other worlds to conquer. If I am any credit to '89 it is due to the “ups and downs” of old Hamilton, and may prosperity and success come to all the fellows of '89. This is the sincere wish of one of '89 members. With best wishes to all the class, I am,

Yours in '89,

W. W. MILLER.



EDGAR COIT MORRIS.

Residence—309 University Place, Syracuse, N. Y.

Occupation—Teacher of English.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 18, 1899.

Dear Brothers in '89:—At the request of the committee on the class reunion, I greet you all in this manner, though I now fully expect to see you all at Clinton next June and so carry my greetings in person. I am thoroughly pleased with the effort being made to get a large number back for our tenth reunion. I hope all will be there, though the perversity of things animate and inanimate will make it impossible for some to come. However, all can write the letter called for and so keep in touch with one another to that extent. Ordinarily my modesty would forbid the personalities I am about to indulge in, but the cause is my excuse. My first year out of college was spent in the old library, cataloguing some of the books and looking after things there in general. You will remember they were then just putting in a new system of classification that called for a complete and modern catalogue. About a week before college opened in the fall of '90 I received a telegram from dear old "Prexie" asking me to meet him on business in Utica at once. I went and found they were within a week of opening college, and had no one to teach Latin for the ensuing year; since Prof. Hopkins had been granted a leave of absence and the man he had sent to take his place had found on his arrival in America that he had been elected to a permanent position somewhere in the west. He therefore wished to get off from his year's engagement in Hamilton and was released. Much against my better judgment I decided to take the freshmen and sophomores for a term and see what I could do; meanwhile they were to look for someone else. As some of you know, I was kept at work for a whole year. My explanation is that it seemed the necessary thing to do, not that I felt that I was fitted for the work, or any special interest in teaching Latin. In the spring of 1891 I was elected to the professorship of English language and literature in the Lake Forest University of Illinois. During the following summer I studied at Chautauqua somewhat in preparation for that work, but did not get much out of the school there. My two years at the Lake Forest University were valuable ones to me, for they showed me wherein I was unprepared for my chosen profession, and at the same time gave me some experience with classes in literature

and rhetoric. As a result of the experience and money gained there I went to Harvard in the fall of '93 and began a year of the hardest work I ever did in my life. I knew what I wanted and found about twice as much as I could do in a year. From choice I spent most of my time on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though I took some work in Anglo-Saxon and Chaucer and nineteenth century poetry. At the end of the year I received my master's degree on examination. In April, '94, I was elected instructor in English in Syracuse University. I should have preferred to remain in Harvard another year, but financial considerations and the fact that Syracuse offered me the very kind of work I wanted (old English and rhetoric), led me to go to teaching again. I am now finishing my fifth year here. At the end of the first year my work had been so satisfactory that the trustees made me professor of English, though then I was put in a separate department of rhetoric and the English language. Two years later the senior professor in English resigned and left me at the head of the work. We then put all the English work into one department and at my request revised most of the work and many of the courses. During all this time my work has been practically the same. I have half of the freshmen in rhetoric, two sections each two hours per week for the year. This is a hard course, since it includes the reading and correcting of about 300 pages of manuscript a week. Another course includes the reading of seven or eight plays of Shakspeare, in a very critical and careful manner, and the giving of lectures upon each play read. This is three hours a week for the year. Another course calls for two lectures a week for the year, and covers the history of the English drama from its beginning in the old miracle plays down to the supervision of those seniors who are making their graduating theses in my part of the literature. Besides this regular college work I am burdened with being the secretary of the faculty, chairman of the football committee, of the general athletic committee, one of the directors of the University Co-operative Association, secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter and a member of several sub-committees on the faculty. After this list of duties it is hardly necessary to reply to Brandt's inquiry as to whether I am married, or have done any great work.

I have not had time to do either. My "magnum opus" has been a whole lot of things along the line of helping boys and girls get ready to make the most of life. Outside of Syracuse, I am sorry to confess, my name is hardly known in the educational world. But my ambition is rather to make an impression on my students than on the outside world. So I have hopes that after years I may be remembered, though I expect never to be sung by bard or heralded by historian. However, I suppose I should add that I have just published a little edition of some speeches of Lincoln and Douglass, for the use of classes studying argumentation. It is of minor importance, though. As to the other questions of Brandt, I am an Independent Republican, a Methodist and a believer in co-education—for Syracuse and other colleges that are adapted to it. In regard to expansion, I believe we should be cowards and selfish to leave to their own destruction the lands and peoples that have come into our protection by the fortunes of war. It is our duty to restore peace to each colony, to help them prepare for self-government and then give it to them as soon as they are prepared, and moreover, to see that other countries do not take it away. The end of my chapter. I hope others will be as willing to lay aside all personal considerations for the sake of the class. And now, to those I shall not have the pleasure of seeing in June, I send a hearty God speed; may your number be very few. Most cordially yours in memory of '89,

EDGAR C. MORRIS.

June 2d, 1899.

My Dear Brandt:—Please add to my autobiography that you now have in your hands the statement that I sail from Boston next Wednesday, the 7th, to take a wheeling trip through England and Scotland. I go with a friend from this University faculty, Prof. Faily, a Harvard graduate. Of course I shall be very sorry to miss my tenth re-union, but I do not see how I can wait three weeks for it since I have this opportunity to go abroad. Please give my kindest regards to the fellows and if there is any printed report of what happens send me a copy.

Very cordially yours,

EDGAR C. MORRIS.



JOHN HERBERT PARDEE.

The committee was unable to get a letter from Pardee, though he subscribed generously to the book. Pardee was a lawyer in Buffalo, of the firm of Petrie, Timmerman & Pardee. He is now in Canandaigua in the electric lighting business.



FREDERICK PERKINS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 6th, 1901.

To the Committee of '89:—I must do my part towards completing the class history. But before doing so let me suggest this. I have nothing to give toward an alumni dormitory even if I favored the plan. But if you know of any prospective freshman whom it would do good to get to commencement and who needs a little coaxing to get him to do so, I will offer my mileage for one way if you will fix him for the other. Or if you know of two I will make the offer in the same proposition. As for myself I was not at my commencement. I suppose I was the only one in the class who received my diploma through the mail. My home was inundated at the time of the Johnstown flood, though a hundred miles away, and I went there to help my parents in the emergency. This was in senior vacation and the faculty excused me from attending the commencement. The last five years of my life have been

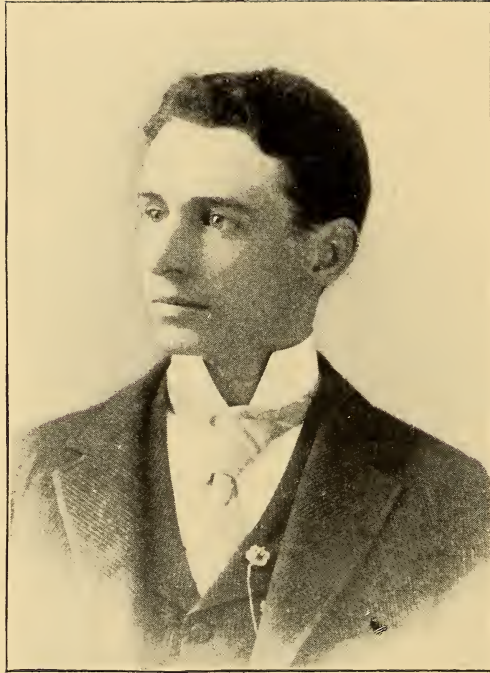
uneventful except that I went to Europe in the summer of '95 and to California, including a trip to the Yosemite in the summer of '97. I will devote most of the historic account of myself to the first five years after graduation. After going home in the summer of '89 I began work over my father's books in the office of a dry goods store. The books had been soaked for hours in the thick flood water which had almost the consistency of thin paste and which left a thick deposit of mud on everything it touched. The ledger figures were obliterated or else covered with mud and many pages had to have the mud scraped off before the accounts could be made out. Such work as this, inhaling myriad microbes, brought on a violent fever. Thanks to the physical as well as other development to be gained on College Hill, I recovered in time to enter Princeton Theological Seminary in the fall and began work preparing for the ministry. But when I went home at Christmas the microbes of the flood got after me again and again I succumbed and lost a lot of time, but passed examinations again in the spring. Then followed my principal romance. It was the romance of missions. Being commissioned by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School to labor as a Sabbath School missionary in West Virginia, I sallied forth into those happy (?) regions where life was so cheap that to use the expression of one of the aborigines, "they'd shoot a man to see him fall," near where the Hatfields and McCoys used to have their field days at irregular intervals and without the formality of a committee to arrange the events beforehand. I was neither shot nor shot at, but I was scared a good many times. As for instance, when on one occasion I had considerable money on my person and was with a man bigger than "Bonus" Ayers, all alone in the woods and my companion became suddenly and uncomfortably inquisitive about my money matters; or when on a mountain path four or five miles from any house I met a party of men armed with guns and a jug. It was the latter which excited my apprehension as to my probable fate. I had two summers of this kind of work. I think I must have lived on mental excitement, as the mountains could not furnish any more substantial support. Once for a month I did not taste fresh meat and my staple article of diet for days—I obtained nothing else unless it might be some

berries I could pick in the woods—was hoe cake and warm grease. When I went into the mountains I loathed the stuff; when I came out and sat down for the first time to a well-supplied table I craved the hoe cake and extract of fitch. Surely we are creatures of habit. Adaptation is only the mother of perseverance and determination after all. In the spring of '92 I was ordained by the Presbytery of Lackawanna and in one day was installed twice, which I think breaks the record. After serving for two and a half years the churches at Ulster and Ulster Village, in Bradford County, Pa., I moved to Binghamton *et hic sum*. No, I am not married. Some may say that they are not married because they have not time. I cannot plead that as an excuse. Why, only last week one of my church members married a widower whose wife had been dead not more than six weeks. I did not perform the ceremony, though.

As for politics, I am adrift, not upon a stormy sea, but I am not very active politically, but am floating aimlessly and quietly on an inland lake waiting for something to appear to which I can comfortably attach myself. But though co-purposeless politically, I want everybody to understand that I am a high church Presbyterian of the deepest indigo; that I have read the Westminster Confession entire and accept it all with a preference for a few verbal changes, but would rather have it as it is than not have it at all. In this respect I can say to my classmates that I would all were both almost and altogether such as I am, bonds and all. I believe in the expansion of all that is good. Our country is good, therefore I believe it should expand. Please do not question the syllogism. I don't believe in co-education except by the home hearthstone with father and mother and other children constituting the faculty and the Bible and Catechism being the fundamentals in the curriculum. I have said I wonder why every preacher did not write an autobiography. This is the nearest I ever came to it, however. May God speed our classmates through the remainder of life's pilgrimage. We would have had two more ministers on our class roll today if the Lord had not said to them after their brief service, "Well done."

Yours,

FREDERICK PERKINS.



JAMES DENNISON ROGERS.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF GREEK.

Committee of '89, Dear Classmates: I enclose my mite for the class book. This is a busy time with us, and I am not disposed or able to get up any kind of a letter. I was born in Unadilla Forks, Otsego County, N. Y., in 1866, and am here now. Let it go at that.

Sincerely yours,

J. D. ROGERS.



DAVID G. SMITH.

4154 LEIDY AVE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

April 24th, 1899.

Dear Classmates:—Our decennial is almost here. Is it possible? In the words of a freshman declaiming "the past lies before me like a dream," we are growing old and don't know it. It seems but a day since we met together on the campus and measured our strength with '88 and '90 each in turn and worsted them all of course. Now after ten years of roughing it with the world, which has offered a sterner resistance perhaps than any of the rival classes or the dreaded college examinations, we are going back to the Hill to look over the ground again and shake hands all round. The "little unpleasantness" which marred our parting will scarcely have a memory now. Certainly the only memory of it will be of regret, not of bitterness. Old time is a kindly healer. And how he sets things in their right proportions—making the little seem very little and the big bigger than ever. I wish that all

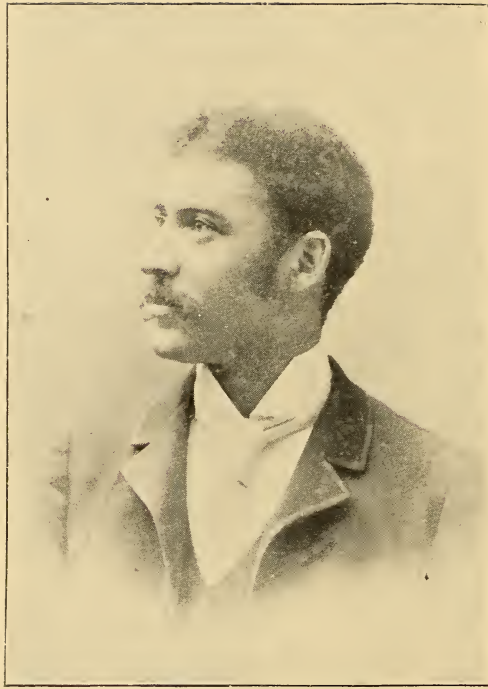
the fellows might be present at the reunion. But we cannot look for that. We shall all miss one face very much. A manlier, kinder soul we did not have among us than Spurlarke. He seemed less likely than any of us to go first. He has left us a very precious memory that will not die. Of all the class that remain none has become a brilliant star as yet I believe. But there is a long time for shining yet, and it would be strange if some stars of the first magnitude were not discovered ere long. "All praise to oursel'es for there's wa birly like us." Personally I have had a very uneventful life since graduation, full of healthy interest and hard work and free enough from anything brilliant to strengthen my long time impression that I was not born to fame. The autumn after graduating I entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and spent a happy and profitable three years studying theology and interspersing study with practical mission work in three of the city churches. This work, together with pastoral work and visitation and preaching, which I was able to do in connection with my studies for more than a year before graduation, gave me a foretaste of the work that was shortly to engage my whole time and attention. I was graduated in the class of '92 and afterward continued as preaching supply at Lenox Presbyterian Church for a few months. Was called in the fall to Philadelphia, Pa., to organize a work which afterwards became the Emanuel Presbyterian church. I was formally called to become pastor of this church in May, '93, immediately after its organization, and have served here continuously since that time—almost six years. I chose this new work because it appealed to me and have remained in the work because it continued to interest me. I have labored with varying success, not always so great as I could wish, but never so small as to tempt me to greener pastures. I have not found it easy to be a student, and at the same time a faithful pastor. No one does in one of our city churches. In answer to your question: "What is your greatest achievement during the first ten years?" I can scarcely say—not because there are so many great things, but so few if any at all. Generally speaking my greatest achievement is to have built a church and received 460 persons into its communion. But this is largely the result of associate aids, human and divine, that

I may not call it great from a personal point of view. My religious affiliations have not changed. I am still loyal to Presbyterianism and am especially in sympathy with its wide outlook on life and its growing desire to keep the whole truth. You ask about expansion—I believe in it, of course, and am not quite able to understand why every Hamilton man should not believe in it. As for co-education, I say yes again—under certain conditions which it would take too long to explain. It is bound to come, for it is only another form of expansion. I must not forget to say what is important to me if not to you, that I am married and have been since the fall after graduating at Union Seminary. Two sons have been born to us. The first born, David Sterling, died when only nine months old; the second, Henry Hamilton, is now in his fourth year. He is already dedicated to Hamilton and it is confidently hoped that when he arrives at the suitable age he will honor the covenant vows of his parents in true Presbyterian fashion and be enrolled for the class of '16. I might say right on this connection in reply to the committee's question: "Who rules the roost, you or your wife?" that there has never been any question about the authority in the house since our boy was here—of course he rules, and by divine right, too. I know of no better way to support our *Alma Mater* than to support its present wise administration, and especially by sending our boys there and our daughters too, if the "expansion theory prevails." I am making arrangements to be at the reunion this year without fail.

Yours for '89,

DAVID GARRETT SMITH.





JOSEPH LEE SPURLARKE.

A TRIBUTE.

Joseph Lee Spurlarke, the son of Lewis Spurlarke, was born in Baltimore, Md., April 13th, 1862. Through the influence and encouragement of Dr. J. C. Gallup, who met Mr. Spurlarke at the Thousand Islands, he came to Clinton, N. Y., to be educated. His preparation for college was received at the Clinton Grammar School, of which Rev. I. O. Best '65, was principal. He entered Hamilton College with the class of '89, and after completing his college course entered upon his studies at Auburn Theological Seminary, where he was graduated in May, 1892. He was licensed to preach by the Utica Presbytery, and became pastor of the colored Presbyterian Church in Roanoke, Va., which he served for two years. This was his only charge. He died at his father's home, in Salem, Va., June 9, 1894.

To those who knew Joseph Lee Spurlarke as a friend and classmate, this brief obituary chronicling an untimely death after a very brief career of usefulness, has a touch of deep sadness. His was a life that permanently impressed others for good. He had the ardent, vital temperament of his race; and among all classes he gave the impression of natural leadership. His was a great heart. His generous spirit easily gave him a place of popularity among his friends and college mates. He was positive without harshness, and kind toward all without a shadow of obtrusiveness. Possessed of a fine physique which gave no hint of an early death he was always foremost as a contestant and prize winner in athletics. As a student he was not profound or critical, but always faithful in meeting the requirements of the curriculum. He commanded the respect of his professors. As a speaker he excelled, and was several times chosen for competitive work in speaking, both in the academy and college. His work in the seminary marked a distinct advance in his life. One of his professors writes from Auburn: "Spurlarke made a good record in the seminary for fidelity and courtesy and unselfish conduct. He had the respect of all—the affection of many." After leaving the seminary he took up work in the South, among his own people. He was in charge of a church and school. The church showed marked growth in many ways, and the school developed rapidly, especially along industrial lines. Mr. Spurlarke's faith and enthusiasm, coupled with his wise tactfulness in dealing with men, readily won for him the loyal support of the white people who contributed a considerable sum for the development of the industrial work of the school.

The finest part of the man was his genuine Christianity. He was more than emotionally religious. He had a fine type of piety, and a strong character. His religious life was the natural overflow of a spirit that knew the "joy of salvation, and made others feel that joy." The best men in the class knew Spurlarke as a manly Christian; and not a few of his classmates have paid him the compliment of saying that he left a distinct influence for good upon their lives. His work was brief—two years ended it. Then came the fever and he was gone. Had he been spared to

continue the work which he began with such promise, there is every reason to believe that he would have wrought a work of permanent value for his people. Doubtless, what he did will live, as his memory lives, beautiful and chastened, in the hearts of his classmates.



W. S. STEELE.

SPRINGVILLE, N. Y., September 20th, 1901.

My Dear Classmates—The story of my life since leaving college is no romance. It reads much as the record of any life that is spent in work. I haven't acquired any great amount of those treasures that are stored up on earth, and as for the other kind I am much the same old "Dick." To be brief, I passed the year '89-'90 as vice-principal of Delaware Academy, Delhi, N. Y., an excellent institution. It was a pretty town and full of "pretty" society. Never having had the chance before to "swim" socially, I did it that year, at the expense, I fear, of my school work.

The year '90-'91 was passed as the principal of Salida Academy, Salida, Colorado. While there I made the acquaintance of a lawyer who offered me a partnership (one-third interest) if I would graduate from Ann Arbor or some other equally good law school. As his practice was worth \$4,000 per year, I eagerly accepted, resigned, and started for California as agent for the Equitable Life Co. during the summer vacation. Bless your hearts, boys, if you could have seen "Dick" out there reduced to his last silver cart wheel in San Francisco, you would have had more sorrow for him than the sophomore end of your crowd did on the day our class took its final "Fresh" examination. Hungry? Well! I rapidly degenerated from insurance to books, thence to fruit picking and general all round day laborer. *That* was experience, but just the experience that many a college graduate has had on the Pacific coast. I met one "packing his blanket," sleeping under trees, who had been at one time president of a mining company in Denver and worth \$75,000—so he told me. I met another who had been a commercial traveler in La Crosse, Wis., had left it for a better place in Portland, lost his place in Portland, pawned his best suit for steerage to San Francisco, Cal., struck out on foot for San Jose, 52 miles distant, and when I found him he was reduced to a pair of trousers, a felt hat, a pair of canvas shoes and an undershirt, but was happy because he had just secured a place to pick fruit for \$1.50 per day and board himself in an old house with seven common laborers. I was trying to sell him a book under the impression that he owned the "ranch." He gave me a dinner. I saw him many times after that—brothers in distress, you know. I could tell of others, but these suffice to show what awaits one without capital or friends in California. Yet to one with a little money it is as near to an earthly paradise as I expect to be. By dint of money earned and money borrowed I reached Ann Arbor in September. I was graduated with degree LL. B., with 289 others in June, '92. I had expected to go to Colorado in November of '92. I received word that my lawyer had been elected a judge. This, according to Colorado law, threw him entirely out of practice and consequently myself out of an opportunity. I then went into the

office of W. R. Clarke of Grand Ledge, Mich., at a very small salary and the privilege of having my name on the sign. Under stress of sickness at home and accumulating interest on my debts and the added necessity of "new togs," I returned to pedagogy in the fall of '93 as teacher of law in Fairfield Military Academy, Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y. There I gained much valuable experience, as well as a more intimate acquaintance with Classmate Ackler, whom I learned to love as a brother and to whom I fear I was a great nuisance sometimes. In '95 I became principal of Hancock High School. In July, '97, I was married to Miss Ella A. Prime, of Salem, Mass. In '98 I came to Springville as principal of Griffith Institute and Union School. Here I am. My family now consists of three, wife, self and a little girl. Whether I shall ever return to law or not I do not know. Perhaps I am doing as well, financially, as the most of the boys in the legal profession. I have had considerable pleasure, enjoy good health, am making a fair reputation and face the future with no misgiving.

Fraternally,

W. S. STEELE, alias DICK.



EDWARD LAWRENCE STEVENS.

Residence—Richmond Hill, L. I.

Office—Flushing, L. I.

Occupation—Superintendent of Schools for Queens County.

Married—August 14th, 1894, to Carrie M. Hatch.

Children—Robert L., born January 13th, 1896.

President of the Class from Fall of '85 to Spring of '87.

REUNION COMMITTEE, CLASS OF '89:

Dear Classmates:—I have received your letter relative to the 10th reunion of the class of '89. You will permit me to thank you for your evident intention to consider me still one of the members of that class. The two years during which I was permitted to be a member are as sweet in my memory as any in my life and I assure you that the opportunity of participating in the tenth reunion of the class of '89 is one I shall not fail to embrace.

The facts of my life since graduation which are asked for in your letter are comparatively few. On leaving college with the intention of entering upon the practice of law, I continued my legal studies until September of '90. By a mere chance I was invited to become principal of a small academy and graded school in the village of Chateaugay. With the intention of teaching for a brief period (less than a year), I accepted the position, but remained there five years, leaving there to go to Catskill, N. Y., as Superintendent of Schools. In May, '97, I was elected Professor of Mathematics of the Jamaica State Normal School, Jamaica, L. I., the duties of which position I assumed in September of that year.

In March, '98, I was elected Superintendent of Schools of the Borough of Queens, one of the five municipal divisions of the City of Greater New York.

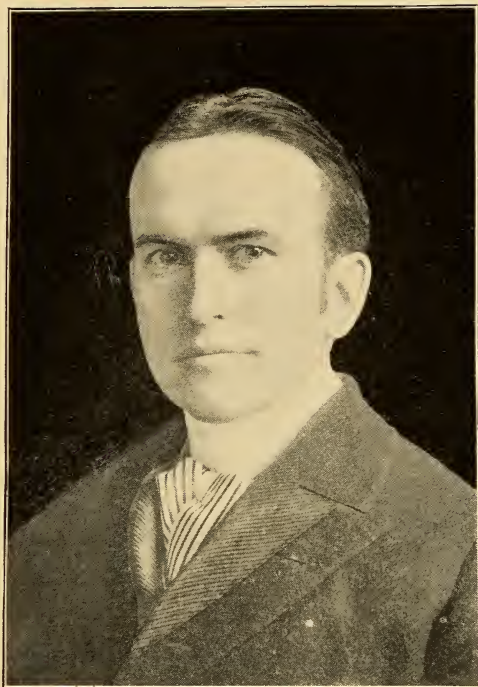
I was married in August, '94, and have one child, Robert L. Stevens, born in January, 1896. My political affiliations it is perhaps needless to relate to any member of the class of '89. The "Democracy is still unterrified." My religious affiliations may be discovered by striking an average between the Congregational and the Unitarian propositions of faith.

I have the pleasure of having associated with me as principals and teachers several gentlemen who are alumni of Hamilton College, and we need more of them. It was my privilege to preside over the class during the first two years of its existence and as I now remember it was my constant endeavor to ignore all parties and factions. When I now remember all the class as my friends I think of no distinction or difference. As one who has been interested in the educational process and a student of the problems of secondary and higher education for the past ten years, I have some decided opinions as to what we and other classes might do for the best interests of our *Alma Mater*. Whether or not we will be permitted to do any of these things is another question. The requirements for efficiency in young men have changed here in America so materially in the last thirty years that colleges must come to realize that they are established for the purpose of meeting these conditions and not for making

them. With the earnest hope that I shall be able to be present in June on College Hill, I am,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD L. STEVENS.



SAMUEL G. TRACY.

240 W. 102d St., NEW YORK CITY, June 1, 1899.

My Dear Classmates:—If I may have the privilege of calling you such, for although I entered college with the class of '89 my course was somewhat special, and I did not receive my degree of bachelor of science until some years after '89 had graduated. Since leaving college my career has been uneventful. In 1887 I entered Bellevue Hospital Medical College and after three years' study I graduated in March, 1890. Shortly after I was appointed assistant to the chair of diseases of children, which position I held for three years; at the same time I was serving as assistant physician to the out department of Bellevue Hospital. In 1891

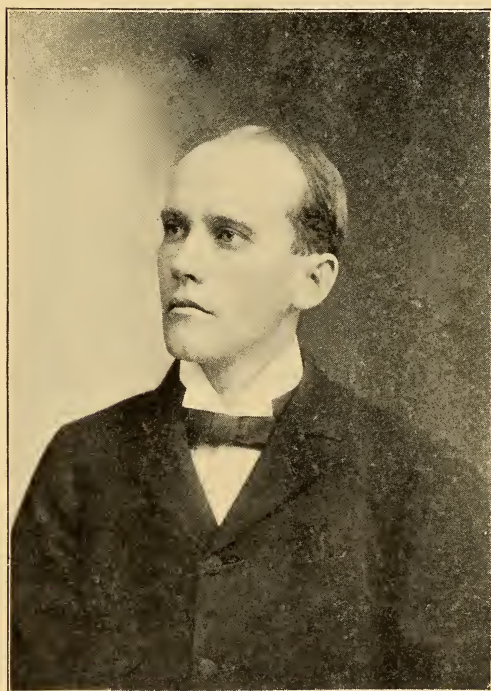
I was elected by the trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons to the position of aural surgeon of the Vanderbilt Clinic and in 1895-96 I served as assistant instructor in electro therapeutics at the Post Graduate Hospital Medical School. Thus, you see, I have been largely an assistant during the first five or six years of my practice. Since then I have been largely interested in being assistant to Dr. S. G. Tracy. During the past four or five years I have devoted myself particularly to the practice of nervous diseases and electro therapeutics. Thinking the whole matter over I should rather be a "big frog in a little pond than a little frog in a big pond." And if I were settling over again, I should certainly locate in a small town, say from ten to twenty-five thousand population.

Am I married? Not guilty, but would like to be. I have been looking around industriously for several years, but unfortunately can't find anybody to have me. From time to time I meet old school and college mates and almost invariably they tell me that they have taken unto themselves wives and immediately I feel lonesome; nevertheless I do not despair, as I have several friends on the look out for me. But, seriously, I think the married life is the ideal life, and advise all the fellows who have not done so "to get on board." I have been asked about my religious belief, politics, etc. When I was in college I was a Methodist, but have since graduated to the Dutch Reform Church, and I presume if "she" happens to be an Episcopalian I shall take the third degree and go one step higher. Before I reached the voting age I was a Democrat and for several years after, after which I was known somewhat as a reformer, after the Parkhurst type, but now I have become converted and am a deep dyed-in-the-wool Republican. Concerning co-education, I am a firm believer in it. If old Hamilton had only been a co-educational institution, who knows but by this time the writer of this letter would have been a family man with several little Tracys running around. So while I believe in co-education in preparatory school and in college, I can say I am not in favor of it in post graduate courses, especially in medicine. One of our sister colleges at Ithaca has a co-education medical department in New York City, where male and female students sit together

in all kinds of operations, some of which the women will never be called upon to perform. I am asked "What is your greatest achievement during the ten years?" I should say my invention of a new and practical nursing bottle for infants who cannot be fed from the breast. But strange to relate, that while the medical fraternity strongly recommend it, at the present writing the patent office refuses to patent it. At the present writing I am somewhat uncertain of attending the class reunion and of having the pleasure of meeting with those of the boys who return to College Hill. However I hope I may be present on commencement day. In any event I wish every classmate God speed, great success, a happy life and a merry one.

Yours fraternally.

SAMUEL G. TRACY.



CHARLES H. WARFIELD.

Residence—Little Falls, N. Y.

Occupation—Teacher.

Married—June 28th, 1900, to Jeannette Cook Jessup.

Children—Janet McDonald, born May 1st, 1901.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., APRIL 11, 1899.

Fellow Classmates.:—The story of the first ten years of my graduate life is a very commonplace one and can be told in a few words. I taught mathematics in Florida State Seminary one year, tutored in Rochester one year, was principal of Bergen Union School one year, of Bloomville High School five years and am now finishing my second year as principal of Little Falls High School, all of which makes ten years. I have had no great successes or no great disasters. Have had enough to eat and wear and a fair amount of the pleasures of this world. I so have no cause to complain, even none to be exultant.

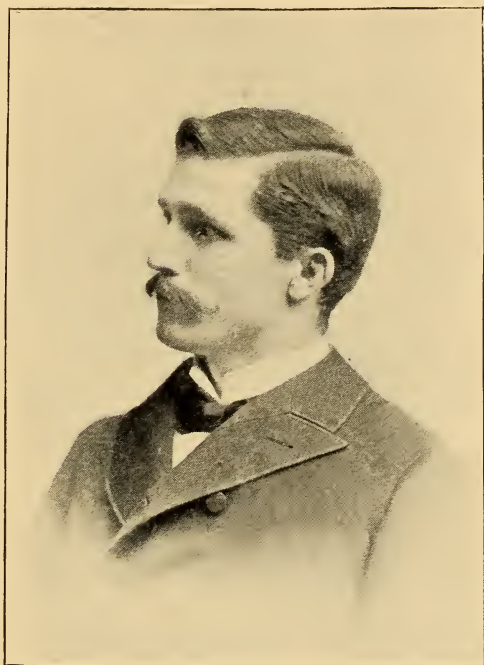
My beliefs are unchanged—Black Presbyterian, Blue Presbyterian, an American ever; where the Stars and Stripes have gone up may they never come down. As a teacher I have always used my influence to send the boys and girls to their own colleges, with the idea that each obtains a truer flavor of genuine college life and spirit.

I wish we might be able to report that each and every member is a subscriber to the alumni fund. The amount is nothing. The unanimity and the persistency is the thing. Let us see if it cannot be done.

God willing, I shall most certainly be back to our *Alma Mater* in June to mingle in jolly fellowship with the '89ers present and to send kindly greetings to the absent. Yours for the Buff and Blue and the dear old class of '89 forever.

C. H. WARFIELD.

NOTE.—Since receiving Warfield's letter he has been elected President of Associated Academic Principals of the State of New York. He has also added to his well-known dignity the responsibility of the father of a daughter.—[Committee.]



STEPHEN DWIGHT WATERBURY.

Residence—Knowlesville, N. Y. (formerly Nicholson, Pa.)

Occupation—Clergyman.

Married—June 22d, 1893, to Margaret Cameron.

Children—Catherine Ellen, born July 1st, 1894; Harriet Emma and Jean Margaret, born January 24th, 1900.

NICHOLSON, Pa., March 14th, 1899.

Dear Classmates:—My life has been for the most part so far separated from you that I scarce know how to write a letter to those with whom I was so familiar a decade ago. True, there are Hamilton men down this way and in fact I am but little over forty miles below Binghamton, where it seems at least three of our number are located. But these forty miles bring me into closer touch with Scranton and all the calls in the way of business are toward Keystone cities.

I never felt more keenly the desire to “whoop her up for Hamilton” when to do so was inappropriate than last October,

when as a delegate from Lackawanna Presbytery I was attending the meeting of our synod in session at Parkersburg, W. Va. The colleges within our bounds and connected with our synod were being boomed by their respective alumni. Some tried to have us think that Lafayette was the only college. Others saw in the zenith Washington and Jefferson. I longed to tell them that they had not yet mentioned the best "mother in the world." But along with a few other loyal sons of Hamilton, who happened to be present, we decided to tell our story where it would count for more, viz: to the young men just ready for college.

My ten years have been spent without bringing into being any great schemes with which to startle the world. I have not planned to enter the field personally and seek to dethrone "Boss Quay," however righteous the cause might be, but have in a more quiet manner cast my ballot for Dr. Swallow.

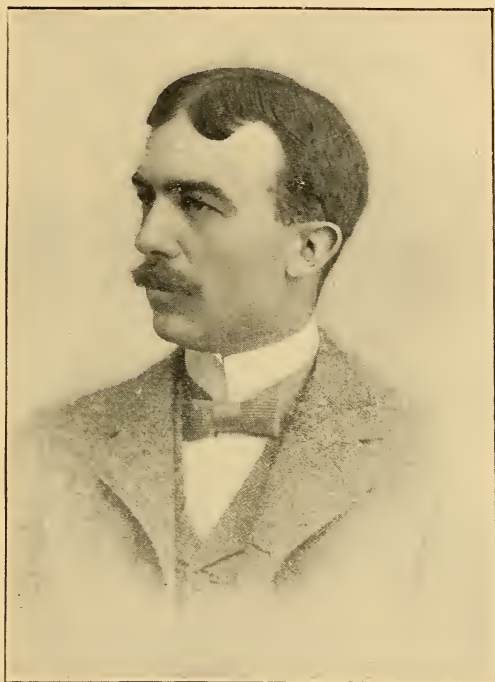
The first three years after leaving Hamilton were spent in Auburn Theological Seminary, graduating with the class of '92. Then I came directly to Nicholson, Pa., and took charge of the Presbyterian church here, of which I am still the pastor. The church finished a new manse near the end of my first year's work. I sought and found someone to occupy it with me. I was married June 22, 1893, to Margaret Cameron. We have one daughter who was born July 1, 1894. We have a pleasant home in a beautiful town on the main line of the D., L. & W. R. R., and will be pleased to welcome any of you.

I shall be glad to meet you all in Clinton next June and will be on hand if I can. In the quite possible event of my being unable to be there, accept my best wishes and cordial greetings to each.

Yours in '89,

S. D. WATERBURY.

NOTE.—Since the writing of this letter Mr. Waterbury has taken a church in Knowlesville, N. Y. You will also see by the statistics at the beginning of his letter that his family was increased in January, 1900.



LEROY B. WILLIAMS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., September 11th, 1901.

My Dear Brandt—Your request for a class letter received. Two years after leaving Hamilton at the end of freshman year, I entered Harvard, my work at Hamilton being accepted in lieu of entrance examinations, and was permitted to do the four years' work in three years, graduating with the class of 1891.

The day following commencement I became a clerk in the office of Hiscock, Doheny & Hiscock in this city; was admitted to the New York bar in September, 1893; practiced law in Syracuse with Mr. Cowie, one of my present partners, from May, 1894, until September, 1897, when the firm of Hiscock, Doheny, Williams & Cowie was formed. I have held no political office and am not married.

Very truly yours,

LEROY B. WILLIAMS.



EDDY RIPPEY WHITNEY.

20 NORTH ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Teacher. Born in Seneca, N. Y., December 3, 1865; son of Ami and Rebecca C. (Rippey); prep., Clinton Grammar School. Class treasurer; business manager *Lit mo.*; campus-day orator; A. B.; M. S. Medical student Geneva, N. Y., '89; teacher Mexico Academy '89-'90; Binghamton Central High School, head of science department, '90-; vice-principal '98-.

President Binghamton Academy of Science, '94-'96; chairman executive committee, '98. Member New York State Science Teachers' Association; American Association Advancement of Science; British Association Advancement of Science; National Educational Association; National Geographic Society. F. & A. M., R. A.

Member and trustee Tabernacle M. E. Church.

Married Alice M. Fox, Binghamton, June 26, '96.

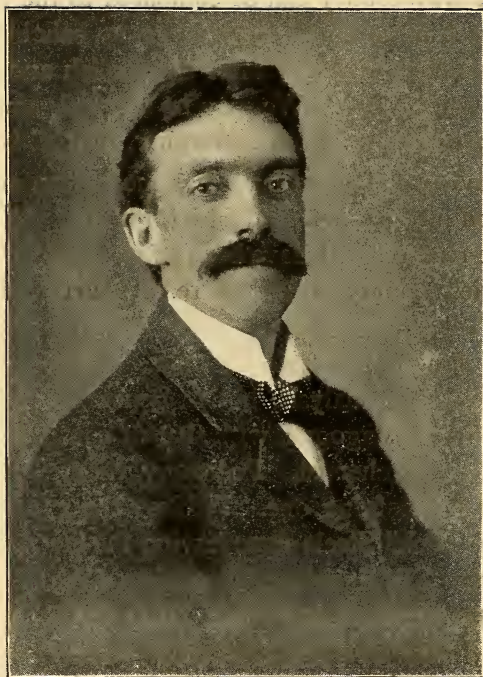
Dear Classmates:—After all has been said, there is no joy like friendship. No delight Jimmie Rogers may get from study, no happiness that the many "blooded bondholders" of the class

may purchase with money can be compared to the joy of friendship. To me it is no small satisfaction to behold the class reunited in this substantial way after the foolish and unwarranted break of our senior year. We may be assured, now that Chrestensen and Brandt have kissed each other, that all is well!

Since leaving college, science has more than ever interested me and has led me into new and fruitful fields. As a result, perhaps, of some researches, I have been summoned to appear before coroner's juries, county court, supreme court in three murder trials, and in other cases the State was kind enough to select me as a chemist for the analysis of milk. People are constantly bringing articles for analysis, but in general I prefer the more humble life of the pedagogue, with that of consulting chemist, to that of the detective chemist. Pedagogy, though not a profitable profession, is a satisfying one. Witness the gain in corpulence of pedagogue "Dick" Steele since leaving the law and gradual decline of Lawyer C. B. since he left teaching. (Warfield always will be an exception to prove any rule). It is the policy of our high school to send only well prepared men to old Hamilton, and as many of them as possible. This must be done, not only on general principles, but because "Nibbs" was reared in the wilderness surrounding this city, and the local pride must be sustained. However, in spite of all of his education, his natural instincts cause him to "take to the woods," though now in the manufacture and sale of furniture. Since I came here the science department has been greatly enlarged and new quarters have been admirably fitted with modern appliances. A lecture room, equipped with raised seats in tiers, stereopticon, electricity, water, gas, etc.; a chemical laboratory, a biological laboratory, a physical laboratory, photographic dark room, etc., have been furnished for the most approved teaching by laboratory methods. Three good assistant teachers have been given me in the department. My duties as vice-principal of a High School of 700 students and 22 teachers have been pleasant to me, and I trust satisfactory to the community.

Cordially yours,

E. R. WHITNEY,



ALFRED GOODRICH BAILEY.

Graduated Cleveland Homœopathic Hospital College, March, '89, as honor man of class.

Interne Knorr St. Hospital, Cleveland, O., '89-'90.

Practiced—Cleveland, O., '89-'90; North Adams, Mass., '91-'93; Chicago, Ill., '93-'95; Sacramento, Cal., '95-'97; San Francisco, Cal., '97-'99; Suisun, Cal., '99-'01.

Member at various times of Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois and California State Medical Societies, and American Institute of Homœopathy.

For two years Professor of Mental and Nervous Diseases, Homœopathic Hospital College, San Francisco, Cal.

Medical Examiner, Solano County, California.

SUISUN, Cal., Sept. 26, 1901.

Dear Brothers, Class of '89:—Appended you will find the brief history of a rolling stone, whose existence quite likely most of you have forgotten.

The phrenologists of the class may recall that I was always somewhat "bumpy," and my propensity for roaming is attributable to that circumstance, the bump of "love of home" and that of "love for travel" continually warring for supremacy. Since my earliest recollection I was bitten by a mad desire to visit California, an appetite constantly whetted by the example of my father, who persistently vibrated back and forth across the continent. I once asked him how many times he had made the trip. He replied: "Thirteen times by sea," but could not recall how many times overland. There is something in heredity. To me the Golden West was ever a veritable El Dorado; for did not my father fare forth with a purse laden with greenbacks and return with one filled with gold. And then the fascinating lingo of that wonderful country—two bits, four bits, how much more romantic than a quarter of a dollar, a half dollar—for my boyhood fancy never comprehended anything beyond quarters and halves. Jove! I can remember when two bits was a week's spending money. Then those beautiful Spanish names—San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo—match them on that side of the continent if you can. But Suisun—Heaven spare the mark. Why did they borrow an Indian name? Surely the stock of Spanish ones was not exhausted.

And here is your rolling stone, rolling no more, but stuck fast in the mire through a scurvy trick of fate. My predecessor—God rest his soul—asked me to relieve him of his practice for a few weeks, and death relieved him for all time. For two years I have been vainly endeavoring to convince his patients that he did not know all there was to know about medicine. It is just possible that I may be able to impress that conviction upon the generation I am helping to usher into the world.

I am anxious to see the Class Book, desirous of renewing the acquaintance of those who as boys I loved and esteemed. We all owe a debt of gratitude to those who have undertaken the work of compilation, and I take this opportunity of publically apologizing to Schuyler Brandt, whom I have treated most shabbily. He has written and written, but I purposely laid low because it was such a pleasure to receive his urgent appeals and to

conceive him in his back office perspiring over his epistolary efforts and softly swearing to himself when the expected replies failed to materialize. He finally gave me up as a bad job and wrote to Collier in despair, saying that he could not get a "rise" out of Bailey. Then my conscience smote me. Pray forgive me, Brandt.

In closing, let me look out for a moment upon a broader world. Thank God, a man's horizon is not limited by the narrowness of his life. Since we parted this country has been making history at a remarkable rate—history to which I trust members of our class have contributed an honorable share. The past decade has been one of the most eventful in the nation's life and he who did so much to shape its destiny has just died as Lincoln died. The ways of Providence are inscrutable; yet Lincoln died and the nation lives; McKinley dies and the nation survives. God's purpose will be revealed in the years to come.

With memories made golden by days of separation, I remain,

Ever yours,

ALFRED G. BAILEY.





WILLIAM STOWELL LEAVENWORTH.

In response to the call of the committee of the class, I venture to submit the following data:

I, William Stowell Leavenworth, was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, July 28, 1862. My mother, Mary Evelina Griggs, the daughter of Samuel and Sally (Hubbard) Griggs, of Cazenovia, N. Y., was a woman of deep piety, rare culture and unusual literary ability. My father, Abel Edgar Leavenworth, was born in Charlotte, Vermont, in 1828; was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1856, and (with the exception of his three years' service in the Union army during the Civil War) was actively engaged throughout his entire life as an educator. After having been principal of several academies, in 1874 he was chosen president of the Randolph, Vermont, State Normal School, and in 1881 he became president of the State Normal School at Castleton, Vermont, which position he held until compelled to retire on account of failing health in 1897.

I am the fourth of five sons, four of us being college bred—two from Middlebury, one from Yale and one from Hamilton. My early education was received at Beeman Academy, New Haven, Vermont. In 1878 I was graduated from the Randolph State Normal School and after two years' experience as a clerk in a general store, I took up the work of the advanced course at the Castleton State Normal School, graduating in 1883. During the next two years I experienced the varying fortunes of a commercial traveler, gaining much knowledge of the world and a little money. At the end of this time, feeling the need of a collegiate training, I interviewed the late President Darling, and later, Dr. Oren Root, with the result that I was permitted to enroll as an unknown quantity with the class of 1889, Hamilton College, as a special. On my undergraduate career it is not necessary for me to dwell. My classmates and instructors probably knew more about my mental kinks than I did. Only one honor came to me, apart from my B. S. degree, that being the appointment as assistant to the Professor of Chemistry during the last two years of my course. I say *came*, for I was not looking for it; the things I have looked for have rarely arrived. I suppose I shall owe posterity an apology, or at least an explanation, for not having taken a few prizes. As I look back upon my student days and reflect upon the number offered, it is a marvel how any man escaped. Judging from the last catalogue, I suppose it is now, practically, *impossible*. Well, the faculty decided to turn me out with the rest of '89; and in the following September I entered upon my duties as Professor of Chemistry and Physics at Ripon College, Ripon, Wis., where I still abide. I studied physics at Harvard during the summers of 1889 and 1890, and some years later spent some time in post graduate study at Chicago University. This is my student history to date; though I might add that I have been a harder student since leaving college halls than I ever was before.

In matters domestic I am happy to relate that I was married on December 15, 1892, to Sophia Holt Shepard, of Albany, N. Y., daughter of Charles T. and Emma Holt Shepard. There has been born to us one son, Edgar Charles Shepard, on September 13, 1893, who bids fair to repeat some of the activities of his sire.

Professionally I have little to record. My college work has developed so that the floor space devoted to it has increased from two thousand square feet to sixteen thousand. My laboratories in our science building were planned by myself; so I have no complaint to file. In consequence of carrying two subjects, and lately the librarianship of the college, as well as the numerous minor duties incident to a professorship in a small college, I have had little time for outside affairs. However, I have served two terms as alderman in Ripon; and was the unsuccessful mayoralty nominee of the Republican party, on a reform issue. In June, 1893, I had the honor to be the orator on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Castleton Normal School. I have published several papers on the subjects related to my work in chemistry. I have at this time the manuscript prepared for a book on Qualitative Analysis, which I believe has some merit and will soon be on the market. I am a member of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences and Arts, and of the American Chemical Society, through the medium of which I aim to keep in touch with the work of my fellows in science.

As I advance in years and gain in judgment of men and things, I feel continually grateful that my undergraduate course was completed at a small college, for the *personal equation* is there given its due weight, and the proper balance is maintained between instructor and learner. The "small college" is furnishing the world with more than its proportion of men who *think* and *accomplish*; and in no small measure is this due to the peculiar environment which obtains in the so-called "fresh water" college. This is a digression; but assuming that I have sympathetic readers, I have thus mildly aired myself on a subject of deep personal interest.

With best wishes for the welfare of my classmates, and for the continued prosperity of our common intellectual mother, I close.

WILLIAM STOWELL LEAVENWORTH.

RIPON, WIS.

**The Fraternity Houses of Hamilton College in the Order
of Their Founding**



Sigma Phi Fraternity House



Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity House



Psi Upsilon Fraternity House



Chi Psi Fraternity House



Delta Upsilon Fraternity House



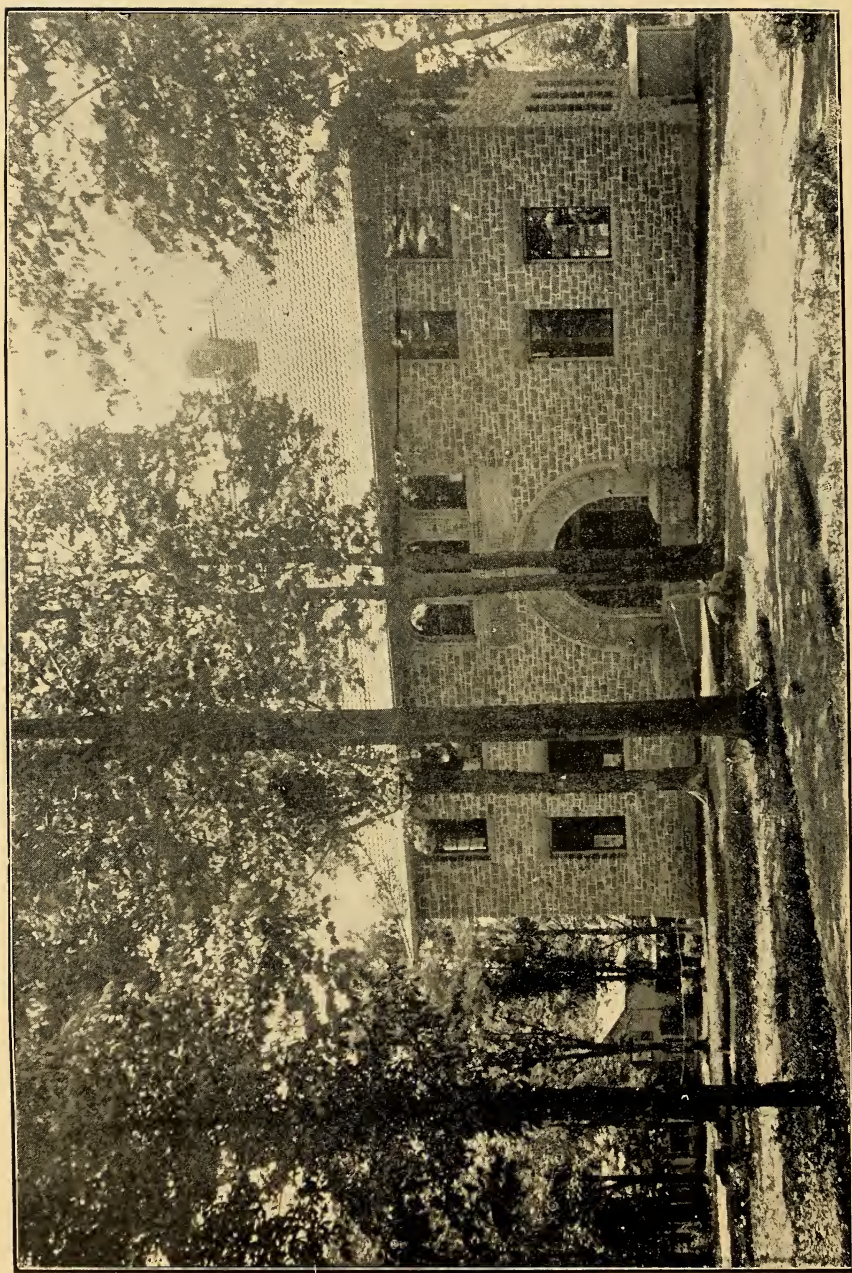
Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity House



Theta Delta Chi Fraternity House



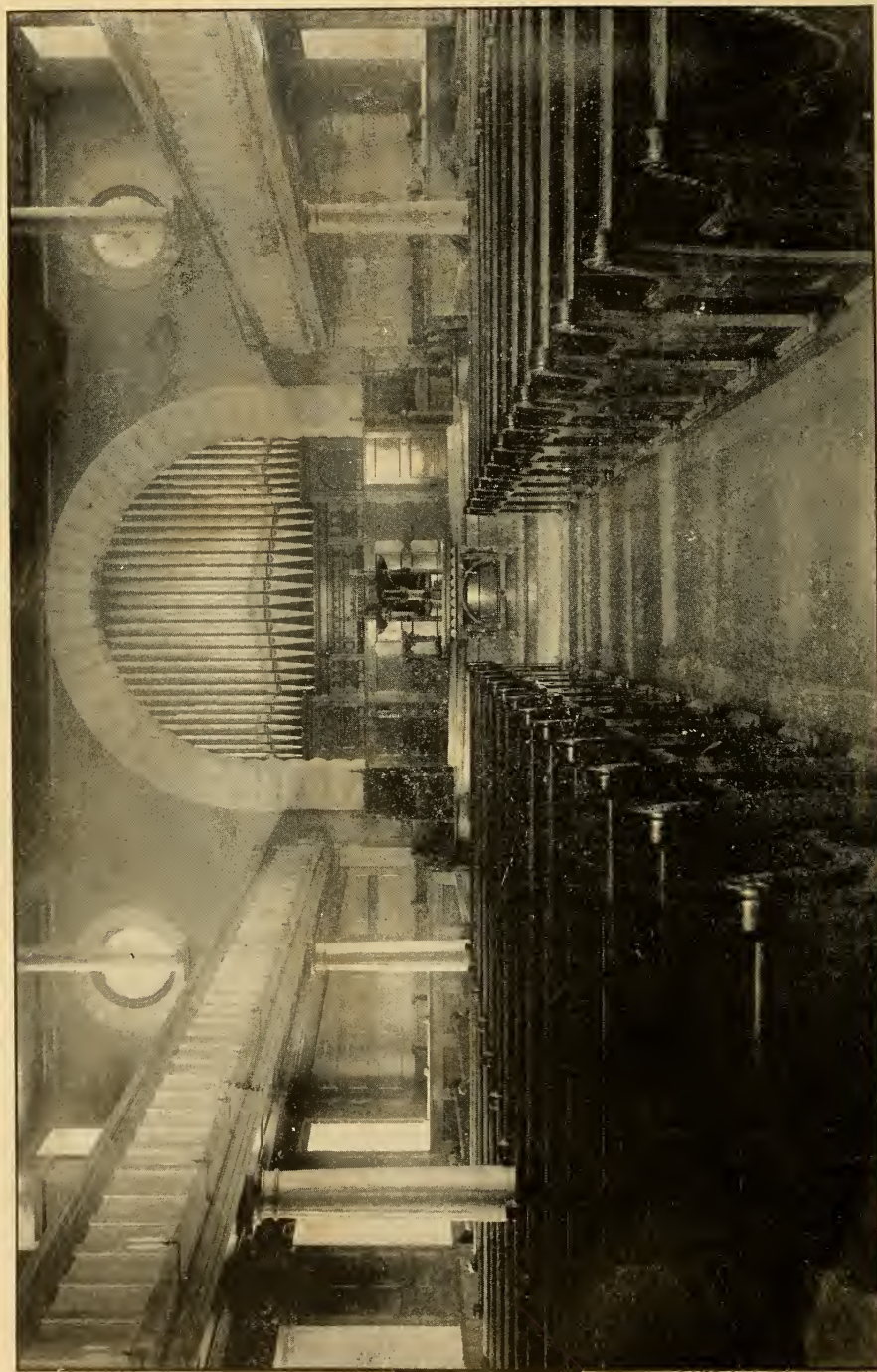
Emersonian Hall



Hall of Languages



The New Root Hall of Science



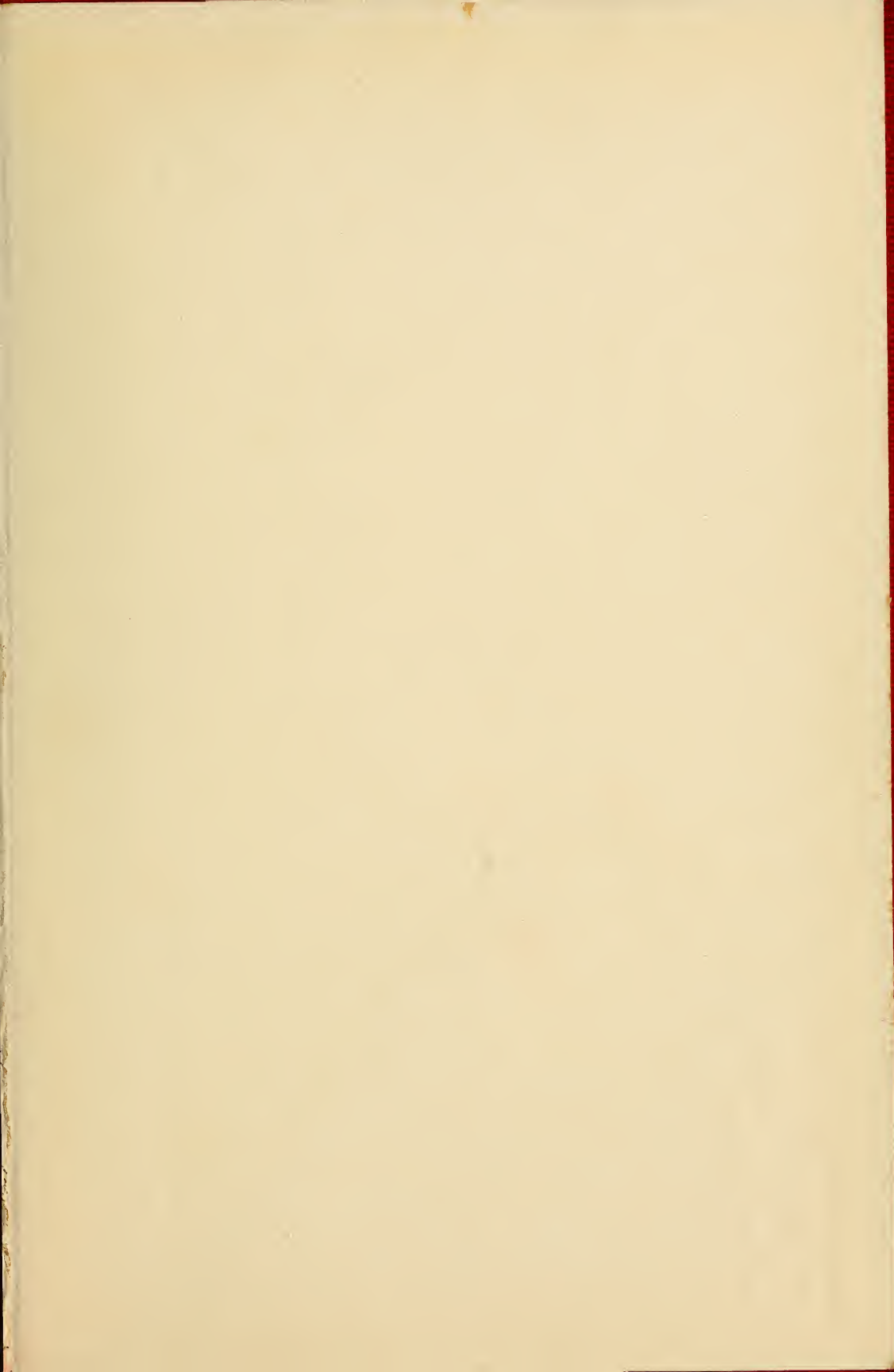
Interior of the Remodeled College Chapel



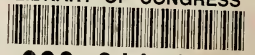








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